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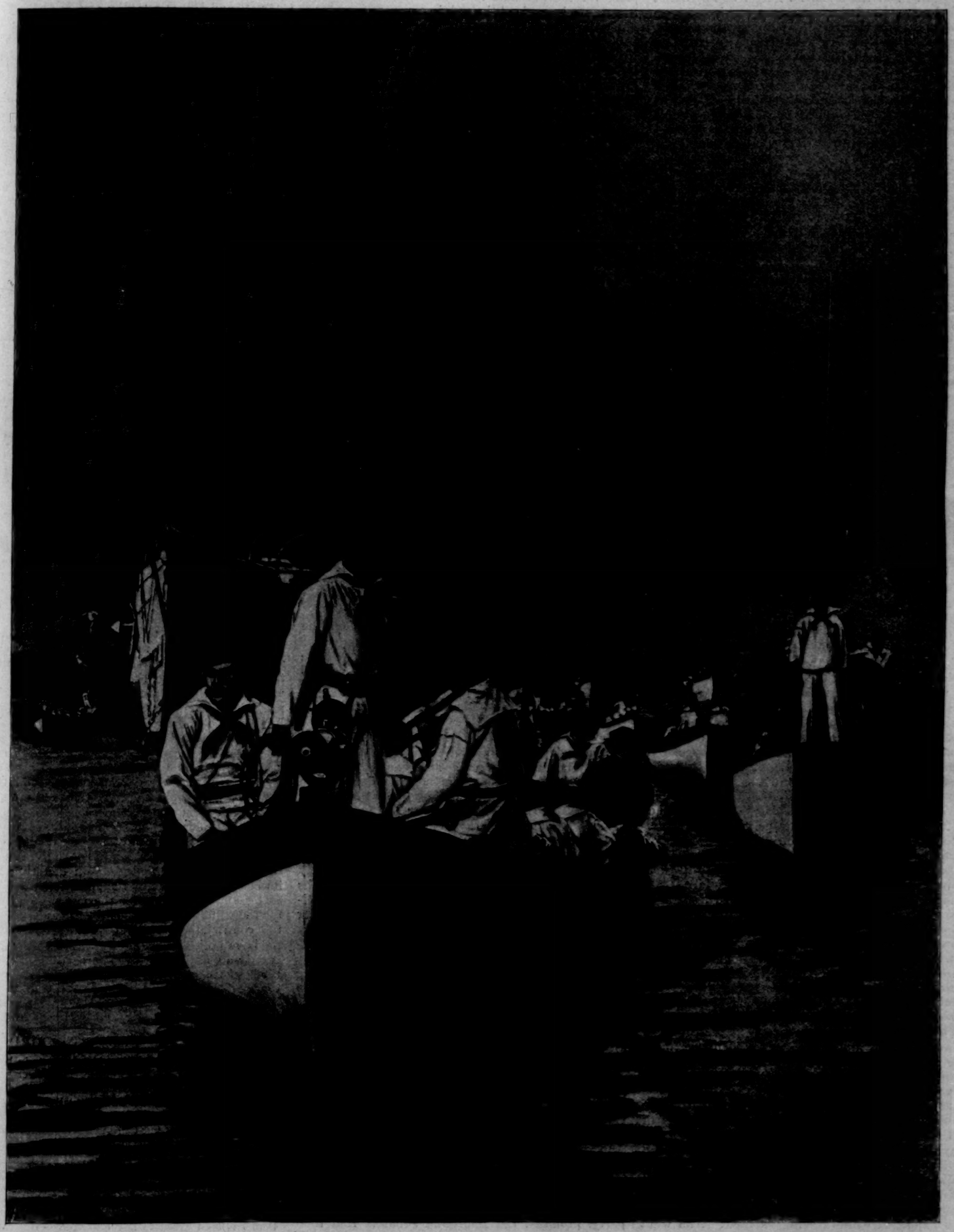

"ARM AND AWAY, BOATS!"—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

SAILORS FROM THE WHITE SQUADRON LEAVING THEIR SHIPS FOR A LANDING DRILL IN FORCE.

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## THE PRESIDENT AND THE COUNTRY.

WHETHER President CLEVELAND'S famous letter to Mr. WILSON came out at an opportune moment to further the passage of a tariff bill at this session of Congress has, with a show of reason, been questioned. But there can no longer be any doubt that it has rendered the country a service of inestimable value in clearing the political atmosphere, and in relieving the Democratic party of treacherous and, in its inevitable consequences, fatal leadership. Without the intervention of that letter the perfidious plot of the Sugar Trust Senators would probably never have been exposed in its whole perfidiousness. The people would probably never have so clearly understood the exquisite wickedness of the game of those wily politicians in the Senate who pretended that the votes of certain other Senators, notably those from Louisiana, could not be got for the tariff bill unless certain concessions were made to them, which, however, in fact, were designed to put many millions of dollars into the pockets of the Sugar Trust. Mr. CAFFERY, from Louisiana, would probably never have had any opportunity to show that the Senators represented as obstructionists actually asked for something else, only part of which they obtained, that the intriguers were the real obstructionists themselves, and that there is no theory of honest motives upon which their abject subserviency to the Sugar Trust can be explained—a subserviency which stood ready to sacrifice together with the public interest the character and the prospects of the Democratic party. The people would probably never have had in so clear a light this glaring illustration of the demoralizing tendency of the protective system—the Sugar Trust bribing both political parties at the same time, so that whichever might be in power the interests of the Trust would be taken care of, and that interest consisting in the levying of a toll of a score or even scores of millions of dollars upon the people. To put these things in the clear light of day is the service rendered by the President's letter, and that service is worth infinitely more than a mere speedy agreement of the Conference Committee of the two Houses of Congress upon a tariff bill would have been.

It now remains to turn the effects of the President's letter to practical benefit. We may, indeed, comfort ourselves with the assurance that the leadership of such men as Senators GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH is at an end. We have frequently pointed out that Mr. GORMAN was the evil genius of the Democratic party, and that the party could not follow him without utterly wrecking itself morally and materially. No intelligent man in the country will question this any longer. It remained only to Mr. GORMAN to accomplish the seemingly impossible task of enabling Mr. DAVID B. HILL to appear respectable for an hour or so—respectable, of course, only in comparison with other statesmen, especially with Mr. GORMAN himself. Having achieved this incredible feat, Mr. GORMAN has to drop his staff of command and falls into the ranks of the political bankrupts. And with him go the evil spirits of minor degree, Senators BRICE and SMITH. Their success in placing the Democratic majority in Congress before the distressing alternative of passing no tariff bill at all or one of which it is ashamed has been their last. No sane person will henceforth put the faintest confidence in their counsel, and they will be heard of as leaders no more. They will have to be satisfied with the glory they have won by this Sugar Trust transaction, for no other Trust will ever again find it profitable to engage them as its agents.

But a still greater benefit than this should result from this harrowing exposure. It is to be hoped that even among those who believe in protection as economically advantageous, candid men will open their eyes to the fearful political demoralization the system brings in its train. The spectacle of the Sugar Trust, having been made financially as powerful as it is by the bounty of the government at the expense of the people, standing before the Congress of the United States and imperiously dictating its terms—saying, "Unless you put into your tariff bill such provisions in my favor you shall pass no tariff bill at all"—such a spectacle should be sufficient to set on fire the blood of every patriotic and self-respecting American. How many times may not similar things have happened without being exposed! And what will become of our free institutions, and of the morality of our people, if such practices are permitted to go on? It is useless to say that a change of party in power will remedy the evil. For it is a matter of record that this same Sugar Trust obtained much greater benefits from the Republican leaders who made the MCKINLEY act than it dared to ask for through that little band of Democratic tricksters, and that those larger concessions were made by the Republicans under circumstances fully as significant as those surrounding the present case. It is equally indisputable that the Republicans have introduced and now champion the demoralizing system of which the present scandal is only an object-lesson, and which the Democrats now find so difficult to abolish. The Republicans, therefore, are by far the guiltier party of the two, and their return to power would only aggravate the evil. There is no remedy but the abolition of the system which at our national elections puts up untold millions as stakes to be played for, and which makes Congress the regular marketplace for the purchase and sale of laws involving fortunes to be made at the public expense.

Finally President CLEVELAND himself may profit from the remarkable effect produced by his letter. No doubt he is now done with GORMAN and his coterie, whom he has often sought to propitiate, but never without striking a severe blow at his own character, and always without winning from them anything like sincere sympathy and support. He must know now that of all relations he might have had with such men, that of open hostility would have been to him and his administration the least dangerous. He may remember, not without regret, that every favor he granted them served to strengthen the peculiar power they used against him as his enemies, and to dishearten his own friends. He may also remember that his own power rests not in the favor of the spoils-hunters and scheming politicians, which he will never possess so long as he is himself, but in the esteem and confidence of that public opinion to which he owes all the personal successes of his public career, and which has twice triumphantly put him where he is over the heads of a large majority of the active political managers. This they have never forgiven him, and never will. But he can always confidently appeal to public opinion against them—as his recent tariff letter was in fact an appeal to the people; and he will always be sustained so long as he possesses—that is, so long as he deserves—the popular confidence. He must know now that he can accomplish nothing with patronage and the petty contrivances of practical politics, but everything by a bold reliance on the support which the popular heart will never fail to yield to an honest man in power struggling with difficulties. In fact, had he always recognized the true source of his power, had he never thought of resorting to small means in working for great ends, he would be to-day still stronger than he is.

## THE SENATE AND THE TRUST.

IN his speech announcing the first disagreement between the House and Senate conferrees on the tariff bill, Mr. WILSON said:

"If it be true that the great American Sugar Trust has grown so strong and so powerful that it says that no tariff bill can pass the American Congress in which its privileges are not adequately guarded—if, I say, that be true, I hope this House will never consent to an adjournment until it has passed a single bill putting refined sugar on the free list."

The truth on which hung Mr. WILSON'S hope has been abundantly confirmed since his speech was made by confessions and accusations made by inculpated Senators. There is now no doubt as to the truth of the accusation. The "great American Sugar Trust *has* grown so strong and so powerful" that it has been able to say to the President and the House of Representatives, through its agents in the Senate, that no tariff bill should pass the "American Congress in which its privileges were not adequately guarded." The confirmation comes from the mouths of men whose duty is to legislate for the general welfare, but who apparently feel no shame in admitting that their obligation to the country was deliberately subordinated to the interests of a monopoly, sentiment concerning which must be wholly pecuniary.

The three Senators who are convicted of forcing the sugar schedule on the body of which they are members are GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH. As has been suggested in the preceding article, HILL figures also in the history of the transactions leading up to the triumph of the Trust and its agents, but he ceases to be of vital importance in the matter by reason of his subsequent conduct, and because he opposed the bill on grounds other than a solicitude for the profits of the Trust. In his angry and violent attack upon the President, inspired by the latter's letter to Mr. WILSON, Senator GORMAN said that he and Senators BRICE and SMITH met with Senators GIBSON and WHITE of Louisiana during the campaign of 1892, in what he called "a solemn conclave," and made a "deal" about sugar. These three, speaking without authority, but for the whole Democratic party, promised the Louisiana Senators that there should be a duty on sugar, and that sugar should and "must be the corner-stone by which we will overthrow McKinleyism." He also said that the "Louisiana Senators forced us to accept their sugar schedule." This sentence he omitted in the speech as published in the *Congressional Record*, but not before Senator CAFFERY had quoted it in his reply. In that reply Mr. CAFFERY definitely fixed the responsibility for the proposed protection to the Trust on GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH. He told of the threats of GORMAN and BRICE to make all sugar free unless the Trust secured its differential, and of his consultation, "practically limited to the sugar schedule," with GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH, at which the three suggested a tariff "especially good for the refiner" and "fairly good for the producer." He said, alluding to the three, that he had discovered sugar-planters in Maryland, New Jersey, and Ohio; and he concluded: "The sugar schedule is not the making of the Louisiana Senators, nor did they coerce the Finance Committee into adopting it." Senator SMITH completed and rounded out the evidence that he, GORMAN, and BRICE were the agents of the Trust in coercing the committee by his declaration in the Democratic caucus that he and his associates would not vote for the bill if it were changed in any particular, which, being interpreted in the light of the discussion, meant if the differential protective duty for the Trust embodied in the sugar schedule were struck out.

The story of this transaction cannot be too often repeated. It ought to arouse the country to a sense of shame and indignation over the fallen Senate. It ought to sink so deep into the minds of men that generations hence this time will be spoken of as WALPOLE'S is in England—as the time when the United States Senate was at its lowest depth of degradation, as the only time when Senators acted as the agents of a rich corporation to prevent the enactment of laws except on payment of tribute to their client. The proof is clear. These three Senators practically admit that they compelled their party associates to protect the Trust under pain of seeing all tariff legislation defeated. The attempt of Mr. GORMAN to load the odium of the corruption upon the Louisiana Senators was the mistake of an angry man, and led to Senator CAFFERY'S exposure of the whole disgraceful business. The question that remains is as to the effect of the revelation on the country.

Will the people be as angry as they ought? Will they feel the shame brought upon the republic by all this baseness as keenly as they should? Are they as sensitive to the dishonor of their public servants as the safety and permanency of their institutions demand? In the long history of vile governments and vile public men there is nothing worse in its essential nature than this story of the domination of the Sugar Trust. WALPOLE bought members of the House of Commons and rotten boroughs, but he bought them in aid of the policy of the crown, not solely for money gain. The Roman Senate and people sold decrees and consulships, and the soldiers of the empire sold the throne, but Senators of the United States have permitted the law-making power to be diverted and the will of the people to be thwarted in order that a business corporation may make more money. For many years the manufacturing interests of the country have dominated the law-making power, but it was because their profit and the political policy of the party of protection demanded the same legislation. Finally the money considerations grew stronger than the political policy, and the country saw the MCKINLEY law made by the manufacturers, and realized that at last protection had created a power having greater influence over Congress than that possessed by the people themselves. To that extent the republican form of government had been subverted. But now, under Democratic rule, the country sees a single monopoly, the most impudent and shameless power that ever undertook to usurp the functions of a free government, insisting on dictating laws for its benefit to a Congress supposed to represent the States and the people for the purpose of legislating for the general welfare. If the Sugar Trust is to rule this country the people must abdicate. But the people have no idea of doing anything of the kind. It is only a question of their appreciation of the importance of the crisis. If they realize the character of the agency which GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH confess, there will soon be an end of such Senators.

## THE VIRTUE OF DISCORD.

IT is apparent that the machine elements in both parties in this State are badly frightened. No sooner had the Republican State Committee decided the preliminary motion in the contest of MILHOLLAND against BROOKFIELD in favor of PLATT than members of the Committee of Thirty began a denunciation of PLATT and his methods, based on his alliance with Tammany, which indicated that the respectable elements of the party have no idea of permitting a PLATT man to be their candidate for Mayor at the coming election. The most outspoken denunciation of PLATT came from Mr. EDWARD EINSTEIN, who was the Republican candidate for Mayor in 1892, and who received more Republican support than has been given to any other Mayoralty candidate of the party in many years. The Republican press echoed his protests, and their editorials against Plattism and Crokerism will be edifying to Democratic newspapers if by chance they

are finally brought, through stress of party circumstances, to recognize the primacy of PLATT.

At the same time the Democratic machine men appeared to grow alarmed over PLATT's transparent utterance in favor of a union municipal ticket with a Republican at its head. They pretended at least to believe that the deliverance of the head of the Republican machine meant precisely what it said, and that the Republican factions were really likely to come together and to capture both the Mayoralty of the city and the Governorship of the State from the divided Democrats. Therefore CROKER, GILROY, the Kings County MCLAUGHLIN contingent, with others who are in agreement with that faction of the Democratic party, met at Saratoga, and arranged among themselves that there should be Democratic harmony opposed to Republican harmony. The State Democracy and the unattached Democrats, who have determined that the present machine shall not remain in control of the party organization, were not consulted. It was evident that the Tammany "bosses" believed that they could be conciliated by representation in the State Convention and by a few nominations or frightened by the bugaboo of a Republican victory. Mayor GILROY has gone so far as to throw out the tempting bait of the Mayoralty nomination to the Democratic enemies of Tammany Hall; and the *Times*, speaking the voice of the machine, insists that Democratic harmony is essential this year in order to prevent the Republican party from obtaining control of the State and city governments.

The politicians do not understand the spirit of the people. The citizens of this State are not so much concerned as to the political opinions of the next Governor as they are in smashing to pieces the corrupt machine which now dominates the Democratic party and the State government. By the same token the people of this city are not so anxious to have a Republican Mayor as to do all that can be done under the law to break the power of Tammany Hall, and they know that the success of a PLATT Republican would be equivalent to the defeat of their desire.

It is the hope of all good citizens that discord and factional strife in the two parties will continue. That way lies hope. The coincidence of the cries of harmony coming from the two machine camps excites suspicion. It may be that PLATT and the MURPHY machines are about to make a "deal" that will divide between them the spoils of the whole State. Whether there is ground for such a suspicion or not, it would be a grievous wrong to the State if respectable Republicans were to harmonize with PLATT, and respectable Democrats with CROKER and MURPHY. It would not be long before they found themselves bound hand and foot, and firmly in the power of the politicians of the baser sort. In the mean time they would have lost the confidence of their betrayed fellow-citizens, and would never again be trusted as reformers. Harmony between them and the "bosses" means their surrender and the loss of their power in the work of reforming State and city politics.

That is the work which is now in hand. It is not the fate of either party which is involved in this contest, but the larger fate of the government. The discord which exists and which has been growing in the Republican and Democratic parties is the happiest sign of the times. It ought to be maintained at almost any hazard.

## CATHOLICS AND THE SALOON.

IT is plain that the Papal Delegate, Archbishop SATOLLI, does not take the care of faith and morals within the wide jurisdiction given him by the Pope as a perfunctory charge. The power which the head of the Catholic Church is believed by the faithful to hold over their possible destinies in the next world he proposes to exercise, to promote what he considers pure and just and decent in this life. It would be an idle sceptre indeed held by the single-hearted spiritual ruler of the Vatican were its blessings and its terrors wielded only with regard to matters of belief, which, essential as they must be regarded, are inevitably tested in public opinion in the long-run by action.

Intemperance in drink is an evil that even its victims and those who profit by it do not deny. Bishop WATTERSON, of Ohio, undertook to restrain it by directing that men engaged in the sale of liquor should not be admitted as new members of Catholic societies, and that men so engaged who conduct their business in a "forbidden and disedifying way" (it is one of the privileges of the ancient Church to use these strong phrases that the secular world has forgotten) should be refused the sacraments of the Church, unless they repented and promised to sin no more. This step on the part of the bishop naturally awakened anxiety and resentment, and an appeal was taken to Monsignor SATOLLI, who not only sustains the specific action of Bishop WATTERSON, but sustains and emphasizes the principle on which it is based. This practically extends the scope of the Ohio doctrine, and makes it authoritative throughout the United States, for it now stands, unless reversed or withdrawn, as the utterance of the head of the Church.

How intimately this action of the Papal Delegate is believed to affect those engaged in the liquor business is to be inferred from the defiance of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, of this city, which "dares Archbishop CORRIGAN to enforce in letter and spirit the decree against the liquor traffic just issued by Monsignor SATOLLI." To which Archbishop CORRIGAN promptly replies that it is his duty to accept the principle announced by the Papal Delegate, and that in the performance of his duty he does not know what fear is. But he adds, with that wisdom for which his Church is famed, that acceptance of a principle does not involve its application at all times and under all circumstances. There the case stands, and necessarily must stand. The officers of the Church cannot reject the authority of the Delegate; but the Delegate, while he has approved the action of the bishop of Ohio, has not defined the action to be taken in other dioceses. The bishop who feels that he ought to impose the same penalties on liquor-dealers that have been imposed by Bishop WATTERSON, and that he can do so without more harm than good, will know that he has the support of the very highest authority. The bishop who feels that to do this would be going too far will not be compelled to do it.

But the indirect influence of the course of the Papal Delegate will be very great. It throws the authority of the Pope in all doubtful cases on the side of temperance. It must greatly affect the minds of Catholics and their indulgence in drink. It must strengthen the temperance societies, which are already strong in the Church, and the influence of temperance men in other societies. It is very far from being a *brutum fulmen*. And all reasonable "men of good-will," whether they belong to the Catholic or to the Protestant denominations, or to none, will rejoice that this vast subtle influence, which through the years presses on millions of minds—like the atmosphere, elastic but continuous, and not to be evaded—is to be in the direction of clean and sober living.

## THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR IN KOREA.

FOR centuries the Chinese and Japanese have been mutually jealous, not to say hostile. Between the two countries lies the debatable land of Korea. Claiming to be an independent kingdom, this peninsula, about as large as our two Dakotas, is in reality the slave of China and the servant of Japan. Its name, meaning "morning calm," is a caricature of fact, for it has been subject to repeated invasions of the various conquerors of China, Mongol and Manchu, and by the Chinese themselves—the Japanese in the various intervals keeping up the record by raids, piracies, and invasions. Both countries claim Korea as a vassal state, the Chinese, however, securing the lion's share of the plunder, the Japanese being content largely with the honor and trade profits rather than returns in presents. Nevertheless, the Korean, turning his weakness into strategy, has in various canny and uncanny ways, too numerous to mention here, usually recouped himself by actually causing more expense than profit to his tribute-masters. On the other hand, Korea, besides being a cockpit for the Chinese and Japanese armies, has been wasted again and again, so that recovery to normal condition has more than once been the work of generations.

Having epitomized the external history of the Peninsular Kingdom, we tell a similar story when we picture the internal life of the people. It is reasonably sure that in no country on earth, professing to be civilized, and possessing letters and ancient forms of order, is government more systematically used to promote the misery of the people. The official plan seems to be the greatest harm to the greatest number. Public office is considered a private trust for the filling of the individual pocket. The people are taxed to the last limit of endurance, and there is no encouragement to industry. Large portions of the fertile soil lie untilled for lack of motive to production. Korea is a country in which it is dangerous to be rich; wealth means a carcass around which the public eagles gather.

To make a long story short, those Koreans who have seen the outer world have had their eyes opened to new life, and to aspirations which, though individually dangerous, will prove in the long-run, unless we mistake, beneficial to the state. Korea is no more a hermit nation.

As early as 1876 Japan, willing to forego the past, made a treaty recognizing Korea as a sovereign and independent state. The United States followed next, and Japan's "brain victory" was duly utilized by England, Germany, Austria, France, and Russia. It will be strange indeed if now these countries will allow, or even pay any attention to, China's claim that Korea is her vassal. Chinese diplomacy, that of old time never recognized any sovereignty in the world but her own, is forever past. When, in 1884, KIM OK KIUN, with his fellow-conspirators, intoxicated by what they had seen in progressive Japan, free America, and the splendors of Europe, tried by *coup-d'état* and within forty-eight hours to change ancient and hoary Korea into a modern civilized state, the Chinese and Japanese military then on the soil came to blows and blood. In despotic countries the only way to change the administration or to move a vote of censure is to take off the heads of the king's ministers. This Mr. KIM accomplished with a promptness that throws CROMWELL's performance far into the shade. Escaping to Japan, KIM found refuge according to the forms of modern national law, which Japan has heartily adopted. For nine years he found shelter, and was able to avoid the GUITEAUS in the pay of the Korean government. At last, lured to Shanghai, he was foully murdered, March 29, 1894. Note the sequel: The Korean government at once honored the assassin by rank and reward, and proceeded to hang KIM's father, a man over seventy years of age, and to imprison the members of his family, while China sent over the corpse of KIM to be dismembered and publicly exposed. This was early in April.

Meanwhile the "reforms" in Korea inaugurated by the government were so managed that instead of, as in Japan, benefiting the people in general, the so-called reforms were almost wholly in the interest of the office-holders, and for their private revenue. Exactions unknown in the history of the hermit kingdom goaded even Korean endurance to the final limit. Then in Chullado, the most fertile province in the empire, arose a great rebellion. The rebels called themselves "Eastern Civilization Party." By this they meant not necessarily blind adhesion to ancient culture and system, but a return to the old times when taxes and official rapacity were at least tolerable. So popular was the movement that the government forces—armed mobs called "braves," the caricature of an army—were routed and put to flight. When under the instigation of the Chinese minister in the Korean capital a Chinese army was despatched to assist in restoring order, the Japanese government promptly availed themselves of their perfectly clear treaty rights. Having over ten thousand subjects in the peninsula, and commercial interests greater than those of all other nationalities combined, the Tokio statesmen despatched a similar military force.

The soldiery of the two jealous nations now again confront each other on the ground where they have so often crossed swords. China, indeed, can reach "the little frontier state" by land as well as by sea; Japan can move only over the waters. The Chinese are poor sailors, and know little about deep or distant water. The Japanese are born sailors, and know the coasts and deeps to perfection. They have mapped out minutely almost every part of the country, and know well the details of its geography. They have a scientific army, organized on modern principles. Their troops move in the form of complete army corps, with the most minute equipment as to firewood and horseshoes, as well as rice and bean-sauce, shrapnel and torpedo. Their navy is not brand-new and unused. Every war-ship, albeit built in Europe, is a thing as familiar to captain, marine, and sailor as is the peasant's house to his wife and children.

The fight is between an athlete and a giant. Japan has, what China has not, a strong central government; China is honeycombed with societies and forces hostile to the reigning dynasty. On the north she has great Russia ever to fear—hungry, earth-devouring Russia; but worse even than Russia are the rebels in Manchuria. Japan, indeed, has political intestinal troubles, but on the subject of maintaining Japanese rights in Korea, and settling long-standing grievances with China, the Japanese people are an immovable unit. Furthermore, Japan represents modern civilization; China represents barbarism, or at least a civilization that is hopelessly antiquated. Japan frankly and fully has accepted the laws of nations; China, with occasional outbursts of hollow profession, hopes to maintain the idea of the Middle Kingdom amidst vassal or pupil nations.

What the issue will be it were presumptuous to state in dogmatic or oracular style. That the United States and the great powers of Europe will once more accept virtual insult from China in permitting her claims as suzerain of a state with which these nations have made independent treaties, we cannot believe. That China's power and resources are from one point of view unmeasured, while those of Japan are limited, is certain. It may be, as the old Korean taunt declared three hundred years ago, that "the bee is trying to sting the tortoise through his armor," but then the world has moved within three centuries, and war is now short, sharp, and decisive. It seems almost certain that the Eastern question has been adjourned and changed color. It is no longer in the Black, but in the Yellow Sea. Between Russia and England eager for sea-ports in northern Asia, and between China and Japan settling the question as to what constitutes honor, truth, and righteousness, Korea will issue at last as a truly independent state. Like Belgium in Europe, her safety will lie in her own weakness and the jealousies of great powers. For the peace of the world it is better that the Korean people shall own their own country. To this end enlightened native patriots are working.

## THE REFERENCE EVIL.

ONE of the evils which should be put an end to by the Constitutional Convention is that involved in the appointment of referees in causes pending before our courts. It is an evil which has grown with the increasing corruption of our politics. Not so many years ago as to be beyond the recollection of lawyers who are still in middle life, the practice of sending cases to referees was not generally indulged in. Careful and scrupulous judges recognized the fact that suitors brought their problems and grievances into courts to obtain all the benefits of the system for doing justice which had been established by the State. They sought the intervention of the chosen judges, of the impanelled juries, of the publicity which attends the trial of cases in court.

Although the Code permitted references for the purpose of expediting the business of the courts, the old-fashioned judges did not avail themselves of their powers except when the nature of the cause made a trial before a referee proper, because in the furtherance of justice. And when they appointed their referees they were careful in their selection, and named the distinguished leaders of the bar whom the profession at least recognized as qualified to hold judicial positions.

After a time, however, we had the era of TWEED, and the CARDOZOS, BARNARDS, and MCCUNNS sat upon the bench. They saw the enormous value of this patronage, and they and their relatives and political hangers-on began to profit by it. The evil practice grew, until now the patronage of refereeships is worth to a dishonest judge many times more than the large assessment which Tammany charges for a judicial nomination. Scores of young lawyers who have no standing in their profession, who would not be heard of but for their relation to judges, who are merely part of the Tammany machine, are appointed referees in cases involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, and personal rights infinitely more valuable. Many of them are appointed referees because the judges are their personal friends, many more because such is their promised compensation for work done for Tammany. The wrong done to litigants by callow youth, by men whose diplomas are the solitary evidences of their qualification to practise law, and by dishonest rascals, is enormous. They report on the facts from evidence taken practically in secret, and their findings of fact are generally conclusive.

The reference and the referee are such blots on our judicial system that the Constitutional Convention ought to provide for their final extinction.

THOSE NEEDLESS QUESTIONS.

*Briggs.* "HELLO, WILKINS. MOWING YOUR LAWN?"
*Wilkins.* "TUTT! OF COURSE NOT. THIS IS MY SAFETY RAZOR, AND I'M CUTTING COUPONS WITH IT."

## THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE U. S. TROOPS.

WHEN the Debs rocket came down like a stick, the order came for the withdrawal of the United States regulars from Chicago. There was much uneasiness felt by the people over this move, and I overheard sundry vicious wretches along the streets say, "Wait till the soldiers go and we will burn this town," but they haven't done so up to going to press. Possibly they could see the iron hand through the velvet, for the troops are only twenty miles out of the city, at Fort Sheridan, and in five minutes they would be trotting along the shore road, and the first thing the turbulent element would know it would have the old proposition to deal with. The troops will be kept in camp at Sheridan until there is no longer any need of their services. There are not many of them, but there are enough to uphold the law, and if Chicago wants to make a Sumter of this fort there is plenty of material left in the country to make an Appomattox of Chicago.

The order came to break camp, and the camp on the Lake Front was struck in the early morning. Then the quartermaster got into trouble with striking drivers, and it was noon before the march was begun. Poor old quartermasters! it's the fashion to "cuss them out," until I really think my sympathies are with the race. A quartermaster cannot make a striking driver work or a balking horse go. It's a sight full of sadness to see "a government six" stalled to the hubs in sand with a balky leader, and an irate quartermaster sitting on his horse blowing off steam. You must imagine several "dough-boys" standing around in various degrees of helplessness, and covered with grime and sweat, and three hours overdue for dinner. That about completes the foreground of the picture, unless you want a middle ground, which will consist of a troop of cavalry as rear-guard, who sit quietly in their saddles swearing by platoons. I suppose military trains could be marched without profanity, but I have never heard of its being done. Cromwell's troopers are the only ones who are said not to have done so, but the chances are that they had "ungodly persons" to haul the trains. Stonewall Jackson, so the story goes, had to relax his moral code in the interest of the forward movement of his mule teams on occasion.

The people of Chicago have an exaggerated idea of the destructive power of a caisson since the unfortunate accident, and, indeed, I am always interested in one myself, and confess to breathing freer when it has trundled out of sight. Any one can differentiate between three hundred rounds of shrapnel and a small bottle when it pops; so the people got behind trees and otherwise absented themselves as the Third Artillery rumbled along through the streets on its march out. The weather was frightfully hot, and the "dough-boys," in full field kit, lost flesh rapidly in the march. At the first camp out the soldiers went into Lake Michigan by the hundreds, and fine athletic fellows they were. A little swell was rolling up the beach, and the cavalry rode their horses in to drink. The Third Cavalry are mounted on Texas horses, not one of which ever saw over a hatful of water in its life, and they had much ado to drink. A bronco would put his nose down—a swell would roll in and wet his head up to his ears, whereat he would leap ashore, and not go back again under any persuasion.

The second march was in a pouring rain-storm, and the cavalry of the rear-guard stood around and saw the "mud-splitters," as they called the infantry, file by. A Texas cavalry-horse, which could have gone at full pace over a prairie-dog town, slipped and dropped flat on a street-car track.

As the column cleared the city and got into the United States of America proper, it was saluted by the waving of flags and cheers, which was quite a relief after being in the midst of a hostile population for so long. They drew to the sides of the road, halted, and two pretty misses in a pony-trap trotted down the centre; they blushed gorgeously as the soldiers gave them their undivided attention; and, by-the-way, how delightfully inconsistent women are, since it is an undoubted fact that they are always more interested in a petty second lieutenant than in a major of rank and discretion! The small boy is much affected by the sight of soldiers; one youngster was so much overcome that he mounted his bicycle, deserted his family entirely, and accompanied K Troop all the way to Sheridan, where he was last seen wearing a soldier's cap and helping the old first sergeant at "stables." Dogs and boys go straight to a soldier's heart, and it was with great difficulty and some heart-burning that the captain separated the boy and K Troop, and got the boy to resume his relations with his crazed mother down in Chicago. K Troop regretted the parting as much as the youngster, and not having an appreciation of the paternal ties, regarded the whole affair as unjust and tyrannical.

On the road we were joined by a full regiment made up of the Sixth, Seventh, and Third Cavalry, under Colonel Gordon. The guidon of one troop was draped for the man lost in the explosion of the caisson, and in the line of file-closers was a sergeant with his head swathed in bandages. He had lost an ear in the affair, and had never lost a minute of duty: that's good soldier stuff. The colors of the Galloping Sixth—the colonel's regiment—were decorated with flowers and escorted by the color-guard with drawn sabres. The gallant Major Lebo was there—he whom the boys of the Tenth tell of: when in the Santa Rita fight the bullets were swarming like bees, he twitched nervously at his mustache, and kept repeating, "Pretty d—— hot, pretty d—— hot," until it was suggested that he follow more conservative examples and get behind a pine-tree, where it wasn't so hot. As they prepared to go into camp they were quite impressive, so seldom is it that we see a whole cavalry regiment together in the United States. Line after line they stood in the long grass, and at the call "dismount" six hundred boots disappeared over the blanket rolls as if by machinery.

Fort Sheridan is one of the finest military posts in the country. It is nothing to Fort Riley, Kansas, if I am to believe every one. The soldiers sigh at the mention of Riley. It must be a Mohammedan paradise—an Italian garden with attar of roses and the flutter of angels' wings—this Riley. But Sheridan, begging Riley's pardon, is a fine post, with its great stone barracks, the fine quarters for its officers, its club, its forests, its winding drives, and the boom of the green surf on Lake Michigan. The great bulk of the command has "taken to the brush," as it were, and as one goes about through the timbered hills he runs over a company picket-line or a row of A tents, or the horses standing at the wheels of the guns. Cavalrymen with drawn sabres patrol the roads, and pretty women drive about in traps. The old campaign rig is put away, and the bright yellow and red and white stripes of new uniforms decorate the parade.

In the time to come Fort Sheridan should be made into a big post. The Indians are all travelling in the middle of the "white man's road," and what this government must see to now is that Chicago does not commit hari-kari.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

## TO SLEEP.

MYSTERIOUS angel, let thy fond arms twine
About me while in loneliness I wait
Among the shadows at thy mystic gate,
Round which the poppies radiantly shine,
Where all is odorous of eglantine,
And ravished lutes the air with music freight—
Ah! lead me to thy rosy realm elate,
I would linger at thy balmy shrine,
Then with a bright dream glad my weary soul,
While in thy bower 'neath the moon's pale beams
I wander as a spirit, happy, blest—
If thou wouldst bear me unto rapture's goal;
Ah! soothe me with the dream the white rose dreams
When the white rose dreams on her snowy breast.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A DETACHMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH INFANTRY.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WATERING THE TEXAS HORSES OF THE THIRD CAVALRY IN LAKE MICHIGAN.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 748.]

## THE WAR IN KOREA.

BY EUSTACE B. ROGERS, UNITED STATES NAVY.

### THE MILITARY CHARACTER OF CHINA AND JAPAN.

In attempting to estimate the respective chances of the success of Japan or China in the war inaugurated between them we are prone to apply to the problem the tests which are familiar to us, and to lose sight of conditions which are less well known. The histories, lives, and characters of these far Eastern nations are important factors in the question, and they are not generally understood, in spite of all that has been written. In our ethnological classifications we have rated these countries as half civilized, because we judge them by our own standards alone, but it may well be questioned if the fraction of culture we concede them may not be, after all, superior to the half which we retain in excess.

If population and material resources alone are to be considered, it would seem as if the defeat of Japan were foreordained, and it is on this basis alone (especially in England) that public judgment is forming. That is not all of the question, by any means. China is essentially a trading nation. The Japanese are, and have been, as far back as their story goes, a military people. Advance in civilization and the invention of gunpowder have changed the methods of warfare the world over, but they have not greatly altered the spirit of the fighting-man, nor has steam effected any great change in the character of the trader, who is to-day not very different in nature from his Phœnician forerunner.

In the social structure of China the merchant has received the highest honors. His caste has arrogated to itself for thousands of years all that makes life for him worth living. At the bottom, despised and neglected, has been the soldier. Can blood that has been running in such veins for twenty centuries suddenly change its course and the life it feeds and the character it creates? Can any nation which is built upon such a foundation produce soldiers and sailors? The phlegmatism, obstinacy, obedience, and patience of the Chinese character would seem at first glance to contain germs which, properly nurtured, would bring forth a fighting-man. That for a short time they can do so Gordon showed with his wonderful "Ever-Victorious Army," but China did not then take the lesson fully to heart, and she does not do much better in these later days than she did thirty years ago. She has bought quantities of war material in Europe, has built ship-yards, arsenals, powder-mills, but no sooner were they in fair running order than native conceit replaced the foreign superintendents and employés by Chinamen. The result was worthless material, powder that would not ignite, guns that would not shoot. Sir William Armstrong built her some fine vessels of war, armed with modern breech-loading rifles. As soon as the foreigners who had commanded them were gone they deteriorated. The breech-plugs could not be moved; the firing-pins were ruined; the guns were so rusted that they could neither be trained nor fired.

Then came the war with France. Let any one who believes that a Chinaman under the command of his own fellow-countrymen will fight read the story of the action in the Min River at Foo Chow. One man fought his ship; the rest fled incontinently, some of them running their ships to the bank, and all hands going over the bows like rats. This lesson did produce some effect upon the conceited Celestials. Their fleets, which had been attached to provinces, were concentrated into a national navy. An English naval officer, Captain Lang, was engaged to command them. He is said to have accomplished much, but he too went the way of his predecessors and was discharged, and if we can believe the press despatches, his command, judging by the accounts of the fights, has relapsed into its previous condition of self-satisfaction and worthlessness. And more than all this, China is eaten up with corruption, with that winked-at "squeezing" by which some of the silver sticks to the palm of every hand through which it passes.

Li Hung Chang is the viceroy of the province of Tchili, the gate of Peking. His predecessors have been receiving as their annual pay for centuries past 1000 ounces of silver; officially he receives no more. Does any one believe that this province pays him to-day *only* 1000 ounces? China cannot trust her own people, so she places her customs service—her main source of revenue—in the hands of foreigners.

Japan received her civilization from China through Korea, and though scarcely 200 miles intervene between the two countries, they separate differences as marked as those which exist to-day between the Frank and the Teuton. It is doubtful whether the world has ever seen any system so complete as the military feudalism of old Japan.

Japanese history, romance, drama, and literature are full of accounts of the deeds of soldiers, of private quarrels, of family feuds, of clan wars. At the very apex of the social cone was the military class, and far down, just one remove above the *eta* (the handlers of skins and buriers of the dead) and the *hinin* (the outcasts, literally the nobodies), was the tradesman. The sword was almost deified; it was "the soul of the samurai." Temples to Hachiman, the god of war, were then and are now among the favorite places of worship. The territorial nobles sustained veritable armies. The Daimio of Kaga could muster 50,000 men, recruited from his own retainers; the princes of Satsuma and Choshiu scarcely less. The history of the country is one of war. And this system, it must be remembered, has not yet been dead a generation, and the *chiushin*, or clan loyalty, which nurtured it has found its outlet in an intense patriotism. The subordination, obedience, and military training of a thousand years have had their effect upon Japanese character. Japan is not great in the modern warfare of commerce, but she has not lost her ancient greatness with the sword. France has proved that an artistic nature can fight, and well, and Japan has the same capacity for exaltation, patriotism, and invincible courage. She has been accustomed to the use of European tactics and arms for forty years. In that time she has fought three civil wars, one of them costing her 20,000 lives and fifty millions in money, besides several conflicts with foreign powers, and in all of these the bravery, dash, and *élan* of her soldiers have been subjects of admiration.

All these are among the elements to be reckoned on in determining the chances of war. These statistical comparisons of ships, men, and money, taken alone, are fallacious. China will probably enter more vigorously into this conflict than she would with any other nation, for she has always affected to despise Japan, and her pride, such as it is, will be enlisted. But victory has not always been with the longest sword and the greatest strength. Japan has for years faced the prospect of war with her big neighbor. Lord Elgin's march, in 1860, with 10,000 men, from the Ta-ku forts to Peking, has ever been held in remembrance, and it is believed that the Japanese will attempt to imitate it. If they do, and succeed, the war will probably end there. What Japan has to fear is the inertness, the vastness, of her enemy, which, like a gigantic jelly-fish, can receive heavy blows on the outside that will not affect the great interior. Whether she can stand the financial strain is also a question. Among the Japanese the word America is a passport, and to no nation will she look more earnestly for sympathy and moral support than to this republic.

MAP OF CHINA, KOREA, AND JAPAN.

### THE CHINESE AND JAPANESE WAR-VESSELS.

The *King Yuen* and the *Lai Yuen*, of the Chinese navy, are small coast-defence vessels built at Stettin, Germany, and completed in 1888. Their dimensions are: length, 270 feet 4 inches; beam, 39 feet 4 inches; mean draught, 16 feet 9 inches; and displacement, 2900 tons. They are of steel, partially armored on the sides and covering machinery and boiler space. The armor has a maximum thickness of 9½ inches, and a minimum of 5½ inches. It extends 4 feet below and 2 feet above the water-line. The protective deck is from 1½ to 3 inches thick. They are provided with Whitehead torpedoes, which are discharged from four tubes, one in the bow under water, one in the stern, and one on each side above water. The engines have 3400 horse-power, driving twin screws, and giving a speed of 16 knots. The armament consists of two 8.3-inch Krupp breech-loading rifles in a barbette tower forward, 8 inches thick, and two 5.9-inch similar guns aft on sponsons; also two 47-millimetre and five 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon. The crew is 180 men. *Modern Ships of War* speaks of them as "powerful vessels, effective either for coast defence or distant sea service."

The Chinese battle-ships *Chen Yuen* and *Ting Yuen* were also built at Stettin, and completed in 1883. Their dimensions are: length, 298 feet 6 inches; beam, 59 feet; mean draught, 20 feet; and displacement, 7430 tons. They are of iron, with a central armored citadel protected by an armor belt which extends 5 feet below and 8 feet 3 inches above the water-line, and is 14 inches thick at that point. The forward end of the citadel is a dumbbell-shaped redoubt, with 12-inch armor, in which are mounted, *en échelon*, on turn-tables, two 12-inch 32-ton Krupp rifles. The bow and stern guns are 5.9-inch Krupps. The secondary battery consists of two 47-millimetre and six 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and two 3-inch breech-loading rifles. Three torpedo tubes, one on each beam and one in the stern, discharge Whitehead torpedoes.

Each vessel carries two torpedo-boats, with a speed of 15½ knots. The engines have 7300 horse-power, giving a speed of 15.38 knots to the *Ting Yuen*, and 14½ knots to the *Chen Yuen*. Each has electric search-lights, and the complement is 26 officers and 365 men.

The completion of the Chilian cruiser *Esmeralda* by Sir William Armstrong marked the creation of a new type of vessel of war, hence the building of the *Naniwa* and the *Takachiho* for Japan was watched with great interest by the naval world. They were finished in 1886. They are protected cruisers, that is, having a curved protective deck and coal-bunkers so placed as to cover the ship's vitals, and are of steel. They carry in half-turrets of light steel, mounted on turn-tables and protected by a shield, two 10-inch rifles, one forward and one aft; also six 5.9-inch broadside guns on sponsons. Two 6-pounder rapid-fire and ten 1-inch Nordenfeldt machine-guns make up the secondary battery. They have twin screws driven by engines of 7720 and 7650 horse-power respectively, and with a speed of 18.9 knots for the *Naniwa* and 18.23 for the *Takachiho*. Each is supplied with 12 Schwartzkopff torpedoes, discharging from four above-water tubes.

In 1886 the Navy Department of the United States, wishing to add to the new navy the latest type of effective war-vessel, purchased from Sir William Armstrong the working plans of the *Naniwa*, and from them the U. S. S. *Charleston* was constructed.

The *Itsukusima* and the *Matsusima* were built at Toulon, France. A third vessel, identical with these, was constructed at Yokosuka dock-yard, near Yokohama. They are of steel and are protected cruisers. Their dimensions are: length, 295 feet; beam, 50 feet; draught, 21 feet; displacement, 4140 tons. The armament of each is: one 12.6-inch and eleven 4.7-inch breech loaders, six rapid-fire guns, and twelve 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon. The torpedo-tubes are, one in the bow, one in the stern, and one on each side. The engines are of 5400 horse-power, driving twin screws, and giving a speed of 16 knots.

### KOREAN SOLDIERS AND THE MILITARY CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

Within a few years a mere handful of men have been drilled in foreign tactics and armed with modern rifles. Their officers are Americans; their number, about 5000. There is a nominal army of unknown number composed—in theory—of the able-bodied men of a population of 10,000,000 people in all. It is not likely that either body will cut much of a figure in the war. Transportation of men and supplies is a practical impossibility. There are no roads worth the name; very few wheeled vehicles, and all of them about Seoul; and if Japan should control the seas, no material can come in from the outside, and the country about the capital is too poor to support any large increase in population.

Judged by their history, the military character of Korean soldiers is an anomalous one. They seem to be worthless in the open field, breaking at the first onslaught and scattering like sheep, but behind breast-works or in fortifications they are prodigies of valor. These singular traits have been abundantly shown in the fights with the victorious Japanese under Taico-sama in the sixteenth century, and in more modern times against the French in 1866 and our own navy in 1871. In the last two cases the officers bear willing testimony to their bravery, and to the obstinate defence of their forts.

The present sovereign of Cho-sen (the native name for Korea) was born in 1852. In 1873 his tyrannical, pro-Chinese, Christian-hating father was deposed and exiled to China, and he succeeded to the throne. At the age of fourteen he married one of the Min family, the most powerful clan in Korea. The queen is said to be an unusually intelligent woman. Their son, the heir-apparent was born in 1873.

## THE GARBAGE PROBLEM.

What shall be done with the garbage? This is one of the great problems in the administration of modern cities. With some few notable exceptions the ancient cities did not bother about it. Indeed, there is no more significant distinction between ancient and modern cities than their respective attitudes towards evils of this nature. In the old times populous cities had the same refuse on their hands, and cast it hither and thither apparently with a supreme confidence that the forces of nature would take care of it. On one occasion when London was cleaned in the seventeenth century the average depth of the permanent filth above the pavement was four feet. But the old-timers paid a fearful price for their indifference to these things, though they did not always even guess at the relation of the penalty to the offence. They did not imagine that the permanent typhus fever and the occasional pestilence were only the ordinary and inevitable consequences of their neglect; that they occasionally depopulated their cities simply because they consented to live surrounded by putrefying substances. In civilized countries the pestilence is no longer on foot, because the sanitary service is.

The Mayor has requested the co-operation of five gentlemen in the study of the "final disposition of the refuse of the city." In this form of inquiry the garbage problem proper is confounded with several other problems, and the gentlemen are requested to help the Mayor to conclusions as to what shall be done with several substances as to the disposition of which there ought to be no difficulty. The sweepings from the surface of the streets, the ashes, and the garbage strictly speaking—that is to say, the mineral and vegetable waste from the kitchens of all the houses in the city—are substances totally different in their nature, as they should be in their relations to a good sanitary service. To jumble them together is the first vice of our system with regard to these things. There is but little doubt now that the right disposition to make of the garbage is to burn it. No safer or more effective disposition of it has been proposed up to this time, and it is doubtful if this is not, upon the whole, the most economical. And this is the only part of the city refuse the burning of which is required for the welfare of the city. There is no contamination in the ashes, and but little in the street sweepings, exclusive, of course, of the regular supply of dead cats and dogs always found in the streets. The garbage probably constitutes in volume not more than one-fourth of all the waste material gathered by the city, and to construct cremating furnaces through which all the refuse gathered by the city must be passed merely to render innocuous that one-fourth would be an extravagance allied to jobbery, and very likely to defeat the whole project.

It appears to be assumed by the Mayor that the commission will report in favor of cremation; and this is the most likely result, at least. But the greatest need is to devise a system for the collection of garbage that shall keep it separate from the ashes. The mere mingling of these things in the same receptacle seems a trivial evil, and yet it may defeat the scheme for cremation. To be able to cremate the garbage separately will reduce the difficulty of the disposition of the refuse to its simplest term. The city should have garbage-carts and ash-carts, and not itself mingle the two substances; and if householders did not themselves keep the things separate, they might be compelled to dispose of the refuse at their own expense. The people must be educated to help the city in this difficulty.

G. W. Hosmer.

## THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

Fifty years ago, on July 30th, about twenty-five yachting enthusiasts got together in the cabin of Mr. John C. Stevens's yacht *Gimcrack*, anchored off the Battery, and formed the New York Yacht Club. On that same date this year several hundred men gathered in the spacious club-house of the New York Yacht Club on Madison Avenue and celebrated the golden anniversary of their organization. There were speeches and cheering and wine and many congratulations, and the building was decked with bunting within and without that would have been sufficient to trim all the yachts of the fleet. A navy pennant fifty feet long snapped from the top of the flag-staff. A club burgee of gigantic proportions hung directly beneath. There were also the signal-flags of the *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Jubilee*, and *Pilgrim*, the cup candidates of last year. From the windows floated the burgees of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal Clyde Yacht and the Royal Northern Yacht clubs, while the American and British ensigns floated in among them from various smaller flag-poles.

The main reception and celebration were held in the model-room on the second floor. The walls of this room, which are already covered with more than three hundred

models of yachts, were gayly decorated with flags and ensigns and signals of every color and kind. At the east end was an enormous twenty-foot blue flag, with the numbers "1844-1894." From the ceiling hung party-colored streamers of red, white, and blue, pennants, private signals, and flags of all nations, interspersed with Japanese lanterns and electric bulbs.

The large table in the centre of the room was heaped up with dishes loaded with all sorts of good things, and from the music-gallery above seven bells were struck with suggestive and pleasant frequency. The signal seemed to be readily understood by guests and yachtsmen alike.

Perhaps the pleasantest incident of the evening was a tribute from a sister yacht club. It was presented by Secretary J. V. S. Oddie, with an appropriate speech, and consisted of a beautifully engrossed parchment bearing resolutions of congratulation. Vice-Commodore E. M. Brown accepted the tribute on behalf of the club.

It had been the intention of the Semi-Centennial Committee, consisting of Messrs. Bergen, Oddie, Adams, Jones, and Hurst, to have a monster marine parade in New York Bay on the day of the golden anniversary; but it was found impracticable to get all the yachts to rendezvous here, and the plan was therefore given up in favor of the reception at the club-house.

In the club-book for 1894 is printed a reproduction of the original minutes of the meeting on board the *Gimcrack* at which the club was formed. The men present at this meeting were John C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, William Edgar, John C. Jay, George L. Schuyler, Louis A. Depaw, George B. Rollins, James M. Waterbury, and James Rogers. They decided to form a yacht club, and "on motion it was resolved that the title of the club be the New York Yacht Club," and that the gentlemen present be the original members. It was further resolved "that the club make a cruise to Newport, Rhode Island," and Friday, August 2, 1844, at 9 A.M., was appointed the time for sailing.

Since that time the New York Yacht Club has grown and prospered, and has become one of the best-known yachting organizations in the world. The principal events of its history are Commodore Stevens's visit to Cowes in 1851, when he captured the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, known as the *America* Cup; the club's subsequent defence of that trophy against the British yachts—*Cambria* in 1870, *Livonia* in 1871, *Genesta* in 1885, *Galatea* in 1886, *Thistle*, in 1887, and *Valkyrie* in 1893; and the ocean race of 1886 between the yachts *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*.

## THE TIMID HEART OF LIZZIE.

### The Story of an Engagement.

BY BARNET TOLDRIDGE.

LIZZIE GOLDSTRAW'S brother looked up into her face, her pitiful young brother, swinging on crutches.

"This time a year gone," he was saying, in thin, broken tones, "I min' I could walk straight-like, wi' jes a leetle heft to one side. Them days I min' I didn't need no Tom an' Ned, w'ats my two wooden brothers, noways. Do ye min', Lizzie?"

"I min' it well, Jamie. I min' I war thet glad the day you furst made out to try. I 'low I cried fit to break my heart. Manny's the time I cried like, bein' ez I war sorrerful; but thet time I war thet proud an' glad. It war a mighty diff'rent kin' o' cry, 'pears like," said Lizzie Goldstraw.

"But, these days," the strained, harsh tones persisted, "seems like ol' Tom an' Ned ain't never goin' to le' me no more; but I says to myse'f a while gone, Lizzie, they're good brothers, Tom an' Ned, they air; they helps a little lad along over the fine kentry. W'y, ef they war took away, I'd hev to set in the kitchen all the days long wi' Aunt Sar' Ann! Thar wouldn't be no more green grass to play I war a-runnin' over, an' no more long road a-stretching a long ways fur me to walk up, an' no more comin' to this pooty green place an' seein' of the water a-jumpin' over the stones; Lizzie, ain't it better to go hippety-hop, hippety-hop, up the road an' down the road, thin not to go noways at all, but jes be a-settin' in the kitchen wi' Aunt Sar' Ann—"

"Hist, Jamie lad," the sister said, as they turned and left the little hollow among the rocks, where the baby cataract slipped and stumbled from bowlder to bowlder. Her tone seemed to hold a mild rebuke within it, but full tenderly fell her hard young hand upon his shoulder as they walked. "Be not too free with your talkin', Jamie lad, an' see you make out to try an' keep in min' thet Aunt Sar' Ann ever boils your good porridge an' knits your warm socks, faithful and willin'."

"But she don' love me like you do, Lizzie; she says she 'ain't got no call fur to love me; she says I 'min's her of her Johnny, wat war drownded at the sea, but he war a strappin' lad, she says, an' couldn't be spared neither; an' she looks at me, Lizzie, an' she 'lows I ain't—ye know she do, Lizzie—thet I ain't no use to nobody—"

A little sob reached Lizzie's heart just here, touched it, and left a wound.

"She don' make out fur to mean all thet, Jamie lad; don' take on so; you don' seem to be heartened up a mite, bein' my Jamie. I be the one w'at ain't no use, then, Jamie, ef I carn't be no comfort to you noways—"

The girl whisked a tear away. There was a fine red in the face, which was not over-round, although her shoulders were broad and her arms strong and comely. The loops of her dark hair caught a little wind in their meshes, and stood out from her forehead and temples; but some vagrant locks about her ears had ever a trick of wandering were there never a breath a-blowing. An air of timidity enwrapped her, half frightened, half appealing. It was her characteristic; a quality which only ceased to be finely distinct during her talks with Jamie alone, or before others, perchance, when called upon to guard or to defend him.

"Don' ye go fur to cry, don' ye now," said Jamie, sorrowfully. "I reckon I'd lay down on them rocks an' never git up no more, ef ye weren't now'er's 'round—I reckon I would, Lizzie."

The little confidence, her tender answer, the fine late sunrays, and the fresh winds stirring cheered Jamie; the two were laughing a little as they reached the cottage door, but each entered soberly.

"Seeing' ez ye likes col' taters, thar they be fur ye." A voice with an acrid accent greeted them, fresh from their glad walk and mutual comfortings. It was one of those cruelly sharp contrasts which go to strengthen men's souls.

Jamie limped to a chair beside the table, laying his crutches on the floor with a little war of sound.

Lizzie removed the potatoes from the stove; they were not cold. A wheaten loaf adorned the board, with milk for Jamie in a little round brown pot with a high glaze.

Lizzie sat down. Jamie removed a firm white potato from the company of its fellows, dooming it to a state of solitude upon his cracked blue and white plate without remorse.

The girl made no attempt to eat; her eyes looked straight ahead, over the flame of the lamp, on into the murky shadows beyond it.

"Ye'd better be suppin' quick, an' washin' the things up, 'stead of settin' thar like an idjit, studyin' bout nothin', Lizzie Goldstraw," said Aunt Sar' Ann, from her chair. She was patching together bits of gaudy calico for a quilt.

Lizzie's characteristic accentuated itself here in her home. At the sound of the woman's voice her shoulders gave a slight upleap, her eyes a quick uplook; her lips were parted; there was a faint appealing in her gaze.

"Take summat, do ye now," the thin voice of Jamie essayed, within his brain some dim idea lurking of co-operating with Aunt Sar' Ann to propitiate her for both their sakes.

"I warn't a-studyin' 'bout nothin', Aunt Sar' Ann," with an evident effort to be strong, said Lizzie. "I war a-studyin' 'bout summat Ben Larcom arsked me fur to give an answer to to-night—an' I war a-thinkin'—I'd e'ena'most made my min' up, 'pears like, Aunt Sar' Ann."

"Oh ye hev, hev ye? I don' look fur to be consulted noways, Lizzie Goldstraw," said the quilt-maker, with great dignity and pursing of the mouth.

"To my knowin', I allers 'mitted beforehan' w'atever I hed a call to be doin', Aunt Sar' Ann," in a low voice, said Lizzie, her eyes smouldering like brave fires that would not die, her shoulder holding its timid, downward droop.

"Well, well. Hev it yer own way, Lizzie Goldstraw. I reckon ez how I won't be behin'han' holpin' things 'long, come to the p'int of it."

Lizzie's eyes flashed out the gratitude she dared not speak, knowing well the rebuff that lay in wait for it.

Sar' Ann Lippitt was a woman utterly incapable of understanding a soft word or generous action. She was faithful and plodding, but she was hard. If the people about her became mere satellites, resigned themselves into puppets, to be pulled about by their strings whithersoever she listed, she ceased to berate them actively, and appeared even amiably quiescent; but the soft word, the value of which she failed to comprehend in others, and the lack of which it would never occur to her to note, seemed to bear positively no part whatever in the play of her speech.

It was like a dream to Lizzie to remember Ben Larcom's words: "I love ye, my girl, an' I will take my bonny mount'in bird home to the city weth me, an' be glad an' proud ez them green hills air to-day a-holdin' ye."

They went singing over and over in her head. She, Aunt Sar' Ann's target and nearest point to hang a blame upon, she to have listened to words like these, the while her heart was beating strangely and her shy eyes daring not to lift to his strong face, with the tan upon it from his day's prospecting in the mountains.

A stranger here he was, Ben Larcom, known only to one or two in the scattered cottages; native to a neighboring place, but a "city man now, an' doin' fine," to borrow his hearty, hopeful picture of himself. He had met Lizzie Goldstraw about the roads, amid the tangled fields, at the door of the small chapel surmounted by a cross at the foot of one of the near hills. He fell in love with the beautiful shy creature, in her limp pink calico gown and brown cotton kerchief, and vowed not to return without her.

Fewest words and shyest glances only fell upon his heart when he sought her upon every available excuse and occasion. At the first she did not comprehend he met her with intention; an accumulation of apparent accidents, however, forced the truth upon her gradually; when she understood at last, she was glad with a great gladness, but her greetings were lower than ever, and the sweet droop in her face pronounced itself still more. She could never attempt to express in speech this new joy in her soul, which was so deep and sweet; only out of the deepness and the sweetness a snatch or two of song came trilling of a morning now, falling on the ear of Aunt Sar' Ann with startling effect, and hushed by Lizzie Goldstraw, with a little fearsome backward look, the instant of its perception by herself. She happily had no habit of self-analysis, being necessarily ignorant of any of its processes, but she felt upon these mornings as might feel a charmed drinker of the famed elixir of life, had a cup of it ever been drained.

Jamie saw, and understood. He had come to love Ben Larcom. He formed the third in the walks up the road and through the sparse woods always. Ben was kind to him, lifting him in his strong arms over the rough places, telling him wonderful tales of the great cities, of the rushing tide of humanity upon the city streets that never stops; of the never-ceasing noise and tumult; of the great electric lights, like big blue stars dropped down to earth to watch all night, a little nearer. These practical tales were as romantic as fairy lore to Jamie, and in price far beyond rubies.

Slowly but surely Lizzie's shyness weakened when with Ben. It had ever been sufficient for him to sit or walk beside her, and watch her beautiful young face with the fine pink color in it, and the wondering parted lips, when he told her of his life as it was, had been, and was to be; but now it was an added joy to catch her halting speech, to hear her timid thought of the day's doings, and of Jamie, her one treasure, whom she called "the bit of her heart."

So Ben came, and found his answer ready, in the quiet star-time, giving way to an exuberant joy which frightened Lizzie, who grew very still, her eyes only speaking that night. Ben wanted her to be ready to marry him before the week was over, having engagements at home which were pressing; it might all be done at once, he said, with a fine sweep of the arm, the finishing up of his work here, his marriage, and settlement in the city for good. But Lizzie asked a little time, knowing of certain simple articles of apparel to be made ready, which were finally finished with Aunt Sar' Ann's real help, well besprinkled with sharp sentences. There was a shawl, folded away for twenty years, which the elder woman brought to light one day and gave to Lizzie.

"I allers made out it war too fine to wear," she said. "My man John brought it f'om over-seas ye'rs an' ye'rs gone. Mebbe I 'ain't got much longer fur to 'bide yer noways; so I reckon ez how I'd better make out to let ye hev it, though I doubt not it won't hol' out fur long, shiftless ez ye be, Lizzie Goldstraw."

Lizzie and Jamie went up the road a bit one evening when the time really appointed at last was very near. Ben Larcom came smiling to meet them, with a hearty welcoming speech.

"An' how goes the finery, eh, my girl?" he asked, as they stood in the rich eventide, all three together.

Lizzie hung her head a little. "E'ena'most done, I'm thinkin'. 'Pears like even Jamie's a'most ready too."

"W'y, w'ere's Jamie goin', I'd like to be hearin'," said Ben, scarce thinking of the matter, his eyes on Lizzie's face, touched with the sun.

"W'ere but with us?" she asked, and she smiled up at him. How she had warmed and grown.

"W'y, lass, Jamie's not goin' weth us; w'y, this yer's the best place fur Jamie, right yer weth Aunt Sar' Ann—"

In the simplicity of her ignorance it had never occurred to Lizzie that Jamie was not going too; Jamie, so helpless without her; Jamie, "the bit of her heart."

There came a trembling fright over her as she listened; into her eyes the alert scared look of a hunted creature, poised, quivering, for flight.

"Go wi' him, Lizzie," came in queer, strained tones from Jamie. "I kin shuffle along—" His voice broke here, and his chin quivered and dropped upon his breast, but upward the child-eyes lifted, brave and bright.

"W'y, Jamie 'll git along fust-rate, that he will," said Ben. "He'd never git used to no city doin's noways; he ain't half chipper 'nough fur the city, not Jamie—"

"No, Lizzie, ye see I ain't fit," the trembling lips of Jamie essayed.

"Manny's the time you've 'lowed you could never make out to git along without me, Jamie," Lizzie said, her attention full on the boy, her thought his only.

He looked at Ben.

"My cough's some better; ye 'lowed it war yerse'f, Lizzie; not but w'at it ull be lonesome like of nights, w'en I hev my spells, Lizzie, not to see ye annyw'eres 'round—" He limped nearer to her, and taking both crutches in his left hand, clung to her arm with his right.

"I hev no thought of goin', Jamie," she said.

"Sho, Lizzie!" the man cried, his temper ruffled a bit, "w'at's all this yer about, annyways? 'Pears like my girl ain't glad to see me at all. Look up, Lizzie—look at me—"

Obediently she looked into his face, then turned, and gently helping Jamie, started down the road.

"He kin go 'long too, leastways fur a bit," Ben called to her. "I didn't know ez yer heart was sot upon it; he kin go 'long ez well ez not—"

He did not hear the low pained murmur of Lizzie to the coming night as the two went down the road: "Jamie an' me 'll hev no call to be leavin', 'pears like. There'll be no marryin' fur us, I'm thinkin'."

He did not hear. He did not stir from the place for a while. He would let her go to-night, as she seemed so bent upon it. "Things will straighten out right an' pluzant to-morrer," he said to himself.

But may one ever find again one's lost illusions? reweave the fairy fabric of a vision dissipated? pick up a timid trembling love which has been once struck down with such a blow as this? Not Lizzie Goldstraw, whose only refuge seemed the little farm-house ahead, set softly in its nest of fine night gloom, its sloping roof and chimney-pots alone outlined against the latest sombre red of the sky.

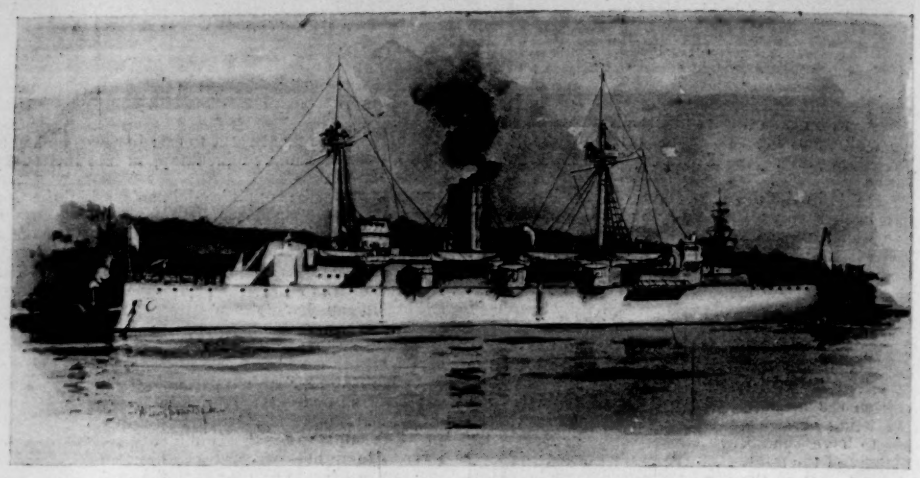
THE NEW MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

## HON. CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE.

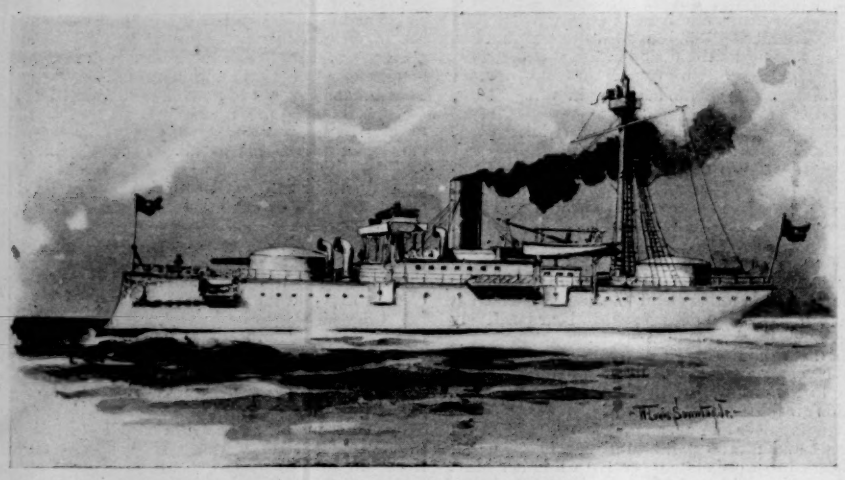
MR. CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE, of Arkansas, has been appointed by President Cleveland Minister to Russia in place of Mr. Andrew D. White, who has resigned. Mr. Breckinridge's career has been so recently sketched in the WEEKLY that it is now unnecessary to more than allude to its more salient features. His selection was no doubt suggested by the fact that he has recently been refused a renomination to the House of Representatives because he voted for the repeal of the Sherman act. That Mr. Breckinridge thus consciously imperilled his political career by insisting on doing what he thought to be right is all that is necessary to say to indicate his high standard as a public man and the quality of his character. His talents fit him for a diplomatic post. He is cautious, tactful, familiar with public questions, studious, and determined when he has made up his mind as to the right side to espouse or the proper course to pursue.

Mr. Breckinridge is the son of the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, once Vice-President of the United States, Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1860, and subsequently a general in the Confederate army. Mr. Breckinridge himself was born at Lexington, Kentucky, November 22, 1846, and is therefore in his forty-eighth year. He served in the Confederate army as a private, and as a midshipman in the Confederate navy. Afterwards he was a clerk, then a student at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), then a planter and cotton-factor in Arkansas. He has served his district in Congress for eleven years, and has been one of the leaders of the Democratic side of the House for nearly the whole of that time. His party will greatly miss his counsel in the legislative branch of the government.

TI HOUI, KING OF KOREA.



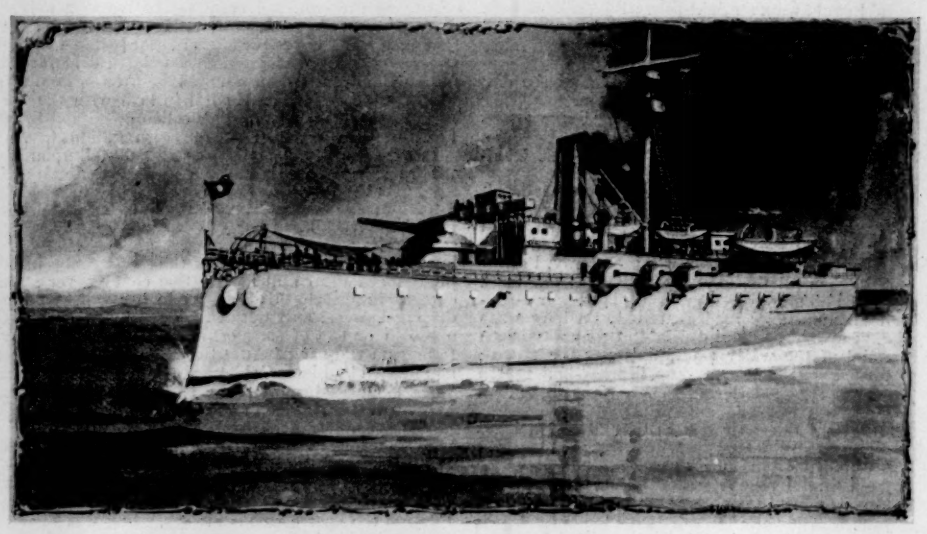
"NANIWA," JAPANESE STEEL-PROTECTED CRUISER.
Displacement, 3650 tons; length, 300 ft.; beam, 46 ft.; draught, 18.6 ft.; twin propellers; 7500 horse-power; speed, 18.72 knots.



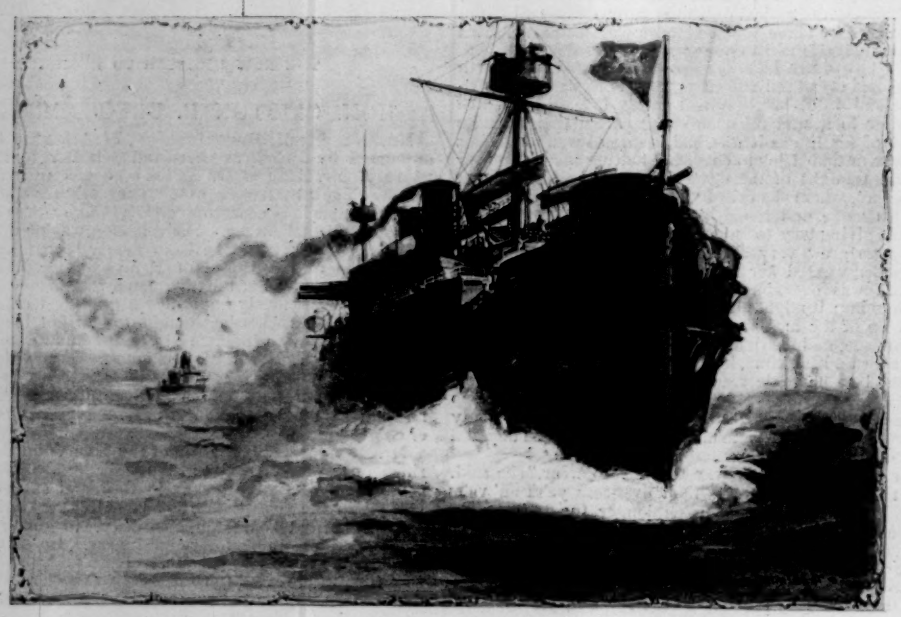
"CHIH-YUEN," CHINESE STEEL-PROTECTED CRUISER.
Displacement, 2300 tons; length, 250 ft.; beam, 38 ft.; draught, 15 ft.; twin propellers; indicated horse-power, 5500; speed, 18 knots.

KOREAN SOLDIERS.

H. I. H. PRINCE KOMATSU,
Commander General of the Japanese Imperial Body-Guard.



"ITSUKUSIMA," JAPANESE STEEL COAST-DEFENDER.
Displacement, 4277 tons; length, 295 ft.; beam, 50.10 ft.; draught, 21.2 ft.; twin propellers; 5400 horse-power; speed, 17.5 knots.



"CHEN-YUEN," CHINESE STEEL-ARMORED BARBETTE CRUISER.
Displacement, 7430 tons; length, 308.5 ft.; beam, 59 ft.; draught, 20 ft.; twin propellers; 6200 horse-power; speed, 14.5 knots.

VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG,
Whom the Emperor of China divested of the Yellow Coat for remissness in prosecuting the war.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.—[See Page 750.]

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The Reception in the Model-Room.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 750.]

## THIS BUSY WORLD

It is a somewhat sad impression that Mr. Brownell, who writes about Newport in *Scribner's Magazine*, has received of the present status of the summer residents of that abode of the financially blessed. He intimates that having built themselves elaborate and in some cases beautiful shells, they have in a large measure retired into them. The extension of the ocean drive has strung out the old procession of carriages so that it is no longer the gregarious parade that it used to be; the decline of the fashion of bathing has cut off another opportunity for social intercourse; the Casino has not developed attractions enough to bring the people of the first fashion out in strong force, except on rare occasions; and the old hotel life being altogether wiped out, the summer residents have grown more and more exclusive, visiting among themselves, and dining and teaing one another. The effect of these changes on the summer people, as Mr. Brownell sees it, is that "it is perfectly clear that they do not have anything like the good time they or their fathers and mothers used to have." "But that," he adds, "is their affair, and is only interesting as it affects and modifies Newport."

It seems, however, to be more comprehensively interesting than that. That the perfection of the apparatus for enjoyment and the perfected operation of the principle of the selection of the fittest to enjoy (with the consequent exclusion of the less fit), should seem to a dispassionate philosopher to result in a diminution of the gross amount of fun had is ethically and metaphysically important. To have a good time is in a large sense what people go to Newport for. If a greatly increased expenditure for shelter and style of living and a nicer care in the selection of associates does not bring increased happiness, but very obviously the contrary, we who are more miscellaneous in our company and less lavish in our expenditures may reasonably find in such a circumstance good grounds for increased contentment with our lot. And yet there is nothing contrary to general observation in what Mr. Brownell has remarked. The more elaborate one's apparatus for living becomes, the more limited is the number of people whose tastes and circumstances qualify them to share it. So luxury naturally and automatically begets exclusiveness, and exclusiveness contracts one's interests, and consequently one's enjoyment, which largely depends on having many interests and keeping them in active operation.

Apropos of certain critical remarks made by Mr. Andrew Lang in his latest book, *Cock Lane and Common-Sense*, about the attitude of Professor Huxley toward spiritualistic phenomena, the reviewer of the London *Times* lately spoke of Professor Huxley as "a redoubtable antagonist who once called Mr. Lang a 'belletristic trifler.'" But Professor Huxley has hastened to deny that he ever did so. Writing promptly to the *Times*, he says:

> "The writer of the article on 'Books of the Week,' in the *Times* of yesterday, is mistaken in crediting me with the invention of the epithet 'belletristic trifler'; and still more in imagining that I have been guilty of the impropriety of applying it to Mr. Andrew Lang, about whom, I may add, I have not had occasion to form or express any opinion whatever.
>
> "Without the stimulus of personal provocation it seems to me quite natural that the Champion of Cock Lane should do his best to denigrate the champions of common-sense; and inclusion among them is, to my mind, so great a compliment as to outweigh all Mr. Lang's severities."

If Professor Huxley's purpose was to conciliate Mr. Lang, his letter is not as successful as it might be. To call a man a "belletristic trifler" is to adorn him with a picturesque epithet of very doubtful disparagement, but to admit flatly that you have no opinion of him is censure very inadequately veiled. It shows Professor Huxley's high opinion of the existing standards of personal security in the British capital that he seems to have taken no measures to have Mr. Lang put under bonds to keep the peace.

At the summer dinner of the Authors Club, had in London on July 10th, the guests of the evening were Mr. Kipling and Mr. H. H. Johnston, explorer, diplomatist, administrator, and writer of books about Africa. Mr. Kipling, getting reluctantly on his legs in response to a toast, said, among other things, that "men could take no credit for their best work; it came from without, and they could only say they did not know how they did it." To write better than one can is the characteristic of a man of genius. Mr. Kipling's own best things certainly bear the marks of being produced by a person of that quality. They are, somehow, unexpectedly good, and it is not hard to believe that they surprise their author as much as other folks.

It takes a specialist in polar exploration to keep the run of all the polar expeditions now out. If the Wellman expedition has been lost, as was lately rumored (on very doubtful authority), the pole may still be reached by Dr. Nansen's expedition, or by Lieutenant Peary's, or by the latest of all, the English Polar Expedition, which left London July 11th, on the steamer *Windward*. This expedition, under Mr. Jackson, is for the most part a land-exploration party. Its eight explorers will be landed on Franz-Josef Land with four years' provisions and all sorts of equipments for an overland journey north. Their ship will then return, and go back for them next year. Mr. Wellman's expedition, which left Norway in March, was a one-season venture, some high authorities maintaining that if the pole is reached at all it will be reached in one season by men whose strength and energy have not been reduced by an arctic winter.

Readers of stories are to be congratulated on the acquisition of a new writer who has excellent tales to tell and an excellent faculty in imparting them. No one since Bret Harte has made the wild West contribute so much to the entertainment of readers as Mr. Owen Wister, who has lately been a frequent contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Wister's West is twenty years older than Mr Harte's, and is a country of cowboys instead of miners. Moreover, it is not the West of the Pacific, which the hand of man has already tamed, but the mid-West of the great plains, of Wyoming and Colorado, which is still sparsely settled and rudely peopled. Mr Wister has not merely been there, but has lived there, persistently and conscientiously, with his eyes and ears open, and his intellectual faculties alert. What he has brought back is valuable matter, and he sets it forth for all it is worth. He gets into his stories the indispensable human interest, without which stories cannot take hold as they should. His wild Western background is a background, as it should be, and not the main reliance of his picture. His folks are real living creatures, with characteristics and experiences of lively interest, and not automatons put in as an excuse for their setting. It is a figure-painter that Wister shows himself to be, not a landscape artist, and yet his landscape is very helpful to his figures. In Kipling's tales all India is back of his Soldiers Three, but it is the soldiers that catch the eye, and make the more conscious impression on the mind. So it is with Mr. Wister's cowboys. They are what they are largely because they are where they are, but it is what they are and what they do that engross the reader. He is interested in them as human beings.

Mr. Wister has humor, too. His stories are amusing. Some of them are extravagant, as the one in the August MAGAZINE about "The Serenade at Siskiyou," but that one, too, has workmanship and solid merit in ample quantity, and affords sensations that reward the reader's attention.

A man who can see men in the West can see them everywhere. Mr. Wister may swap skies, but if he continues to use the same mind he took with him to cowboy land he may be expected to deal with the concerns of polite life as successfully as with the beefy West.

People who have to pay their fares on railroads will learn with considerable glee of the proposal of the Constitutional Convention to recommend a constitutional prohibition of the issue of free passes to persons holding public office. Next to travelling free oneself, it is most grateful to the selfish spirit to have every one pay. Indeed, it might be held that the issue of free passes to favored individuals tends to create classes in the community, and is therefore subversive of sound Democratic principles. The habit of asking for passes, once formed, is demoralizing to self-respect and most difficult to break up. A person who has once become subject to it will resort to the most lamentable expedients to avoid paying his fare. He begins by consenting to ride on a pass issued to himself, but unless he is strict with himself he will end by riding on any man's pass who will lend it, notwithstanding that passes are not transferable, and that to ride on a pass issued to another person involves a perceptible degree of cheap dishonesty. Besides, if he succeeds in getting passes he makes unnecessary journeys, and often loses more in wasted time and in minor expenses of travel than his passes save him. How the pass habit grows on legislators appears in the letter written to Mr. Choate by Vice-President Brooks of the Pennsylvania Railway. The more passes the legislator gets, the more he wants. He begins by being grateful; he ends by becoming insatiable. At first he feels complimented when a trip pass is given him, but in the final development of his voracity unless he is promptly supplied on demand with annual passes for whomsoever he names, he becomes indignant at the insolence of a corporation which, formed for the convenience of the people, presumes to hesitate about complying with requests of the people's representative. All of which only confirms the familiar truth that nothing seems to be more potent to develop hoggishness in man than the habit of getting something for nothing.

An abomination of travel in New York State which ought to be wiped out, though the Constitutional Convention may not be authorized to do it, is the news monopoly which charges five cents for every two-cent newspaper sold on trains or at railway news-stands. It is a joyful surprise to a man used to travel on the New York Central, in the interior of the State, to find himself on a road where he can buy his newspaper at its published price. It is a petty matter, but, like the mosquito, wonderfully vexatious considering its size.

E. S. MARTIN.

## BAIREUTH IN 1894.

THERE are certain fundamental elements and many genial conditions, quite aside from mere prestige, which probably will keep Baireuth's festivals attractive and valuable to the general ranks of Wagnerites during many future summers. Its day is not by any means over yet, though obviously much declined. Managed too plainly as a commercial speculation, divested of too much of its real representativeness as to Wagner's theories and as to national art, there will probably be not much worse errors in policy and practice than its recent recurrences have brought. There still is only one Baireuth. There still is only one place, even in Germany, where the serious-minded musician and enthusiast as to Wagner finds the artistic business of the day so dominant for so long a term; felt to be the first consideration, thought of and talked of as such, on all sides, and respected as such a universal magnet. Only in Baireuth does the outer and sensible world grow so remote for a little while—for art's delusive sake. Only in Baireuth is the Wagner-worshipper hourly in such close touch with Wagner's maturest personality. Such a visitor can hardly dismiss the idea as he walks about the town, or sits in the theatre on the hill, or talks with Wagner's family and friends in the salon at Villa Wahnfried, that living and lurking somewhere is the composer himself, possibly yet to be met, not unexpectedly, around some corner. Under no other conditions, too, do the mythic personages of Wagner's operas and music-dramas come to be thought of as so real. Mixed for the time into a world of noble fables, to the Baireuth pilgrim the passions of a Tristan or Tannhäuser, a Kundry or an Elizabeth, quite put out of one's head the struggle for bread and butter. To live, to be joyful, to suffer, all in musical declamation and in song, to move and have one's being to the sound of "leading motives" and of a tumultuous orchestra, seem the natural course of things. And inasmuch as *Parsifal*, ripest and most spiritual of all Wagner's works, can be heard only within the walls of the dead composer's own theatre, and as *Parsifal* is worth a journey to Baireuth to see and to hear, the festival has yet a monopolizing quality in its spell.

The tenth festival, however, which has now reached a point of progress at which its general effect can be fairly estimated, appears to be extraordinarily unfavorable to Baireuth's happy outlook; much in the same degree as has been the aspect of several recent ones, but exaggerated under influences which Mrs. Cosima Wagner must be taken to uphold and to represent. Once more have artists been selected emphatically inefficient. The successive casts have presented singers whose claim to appear as representative exponents of Wagner, before such audiences and under such auspices, is to be rejected. In fact, in overlooking the group, the American musician who keeps a sharp eye on the various corps of artists in the main opera-houses of Germany and Austria wonders much how and why Mr. So-and-so or Miss or Mrs. Such-a-one should be invited to take any prominent part at Baireuth. With due allowance for the departure and dispersion of the old guard of Wagnerian artists—some of them by no means prompt to surrender, even when vocally and physically *hors de combat*—singers that one would look to find in Baireuth casts for the present season are conspicuously absent, and their places are ill supplied. It is a detail of some significance that an American soprano, a lady who is a most valuable and highly accomplished addition to any Italian opera company, but one in no sense identified with the German, much less with the Wagnerian stage, nor eminently successful in any Wagnerian rôle, is a distinct star and protégée of Madame Wagner this season. So admirable a German dramatic soprano—for example, when singing Isolde—as Mrs. Rosa Sucher has been relatively unsuccessful as Kundry. As to the repertory, what with the well-worn *Lohengrin* as a novelty (at Baireuth) in slender supplement to *Tannhäuser*, which was not a success last year, and, of course, *Parsifal* as a third member, the selection for 1894 cannot be reckoned wise or specially tempting, except to the relatively less cultivated Wagnerian. The changed mounting of *Lohengrin*, by which its archæological and historic dress is made that of an earlier period of German history, where its action belongs, was interesting, but, on the whole, has proved ineffective; and, moreover, the close and now very bitter rivalry between the Baireuth Festival and the Royal Opera of Munich has seen Munich, that Wagner stronghold, slyly anticipating such a device several weeks ago—with much crimination and recrimination between Baireuth and Munich in consequence. The orchestra has lacked the direction of one of the three leaders identified with past successes of that important element of the performances, and the début of Richard Strauss as conductor this time of Baireuth's *Tannhäuser* has disappointed even the most friendly proclaimers of the abilities of that extraordinary young Weimar composer. Accidental drawbacks, such as illnesses in the corps, need not be considered, for such things must occur. The criticisms of American correspondents who can be relied on have been nothing if not qualified; and the tone of the responsible German and Austrian press has been absolutely denunciatory, in numerous notices. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says that the festival "may continue to exist as a place of amusement for splenetic Englishmen and rich Americans, but has ceased to exist as the Mecca of the lovers of the master's art. The Vienna *Fremdenblatt* declares that no amount of advertising can restore the performances to the standard from which they have fallen," and, on the strength of a letter from a personal friend of Wagner, it charges Mrs. Cosima with contempt of her husband's memory and principles, by the manner in which she allows his works to be performed on his own stage.

Madame Wagner has announced that there will be positively an interruption of the festival for at least two years. Such a decision (quite likely to be rescinded, nevertheless) will be grateful to those who look at Baireuth's part in the life-scheme of Wagner from Wagner's point of view. But that such a short interval can compass what Madame Wagner, it is said, mentions as a prime object of it—the maturing of a new and more typical group of Wagnerian interpreters—is doubtful, to say the least. Such a suggestion, however, touches on a vital cause for the present unfavorable aspect of the once authoritative festival. The period seems past of that Wagnerian Walhalla, that circle of giants in their traits as German heroic singers, artists intense in their enthusiasm, derived at first hand for Wagner's works, and for a conception of the drama in music which at the time was new and overwhelming. Not only has gone over to the majority the whole earliest generation of Wagner's chosen interpreters, male and female. Death and declining powers have set aside the array familiar to us of later date. Of the first festival of 1876, eighteen years ago, Madame Amalia Materna is the only singer still on the stage whose right to be heard is not quite past. The rest, one by one, have dropped out. Their successors, according to kind and degree, are duly honored, and several of them preserve the traditions of their predecessors with distinction, but the ideals have departed. The heroic soprano, the heroic tenor, is a rare bird, if one comes to deliberately singling her or him out by analysis and comparison. Even the more lyric rôles of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal* suffer. Of course there is a glamour over the personality and career of all singers of yester-year that must always be allowed for in such conclusions. But with that admission the outlook for the Wagnerian drama in Germany and Austria is not impressive.

There are other ingredients in anything like a decline of Baireuth's festival as *ex cathedra*. The Wagner opera, the Wagner music-drama, within a decade or fifteen years, has made its way all over the world, and its satisfactory stock interpretation has become general. Baireuth would have to be blessed by conditions more than natural to cast into shade a good many other places where Wagner is well sung and well done. In Germany, Munich, under the wary and zealous care of Intendant Possart, has become a splendidly brilliant rival of Madame Wagner's charge. The "model" Wagner performances in the Munich Opera each summer surpass Baireuth's in much. In New York city, a few years ago, we were so lucky as to have representations of members of the Wagnerian repertory that were unsurpassably fine in all essentials. The Wagnerian schoolmaster has long been abroad, and he has proved a quick traveller.

Besides these factors which diminish the supremacy of Baireuth and its cause, there exists in Germany itself another, which, though it is not welcome to the ear of that Wagnerist who is more enthusiastic than broad in his feeling for art, cannot be left out of account. A musical change already has come. The world moves. The trend of music, as expressed in the operatic form, just now recognizes frankly and sensibly the great principles of Wagner, rather than Wagner's intensely national, and, so to say, explosive expression of them. "A wind from the Fronde has set in." The new, the on-coming German singer feels it, and realizes that Wagner was not so perfect, so transcendent, so *final*, that to be a Wagnerian artist is the be-all; to serve as his recognized spokeswoman or spokesman on the Baireuth or other stage the crowning of a career. Wagner is studied carefully, undertaken with noble enthusiasm, as he deserves to be. But singers of German Europe, along with the broader critics of Europe and of this country and other lands, do not shut their eyes to the idea that with Wagner's colossal scores and types came only a period, an epoch, an episode of music. From this we are already passing away—taste and the creative gift progressing onward into some fresher phase. Its strong character will be not a little due to Wagner's majestic influence; but it is certain to be an art-expression less mannered, less national, more simple, in closer relation to musical essence, and less the result of individual theory and unique genius.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

# ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SUGAR-MAKING IN LOUISIANA.

A CENTURY ago, in 1794, an interested group watched expectantly for the result which was to crown their efforts in producing granulated sugar from the juice of the sugar-cane. To-day we find that the industry to which all eyes are turned, which has been engaging the attention of the national legislature for months, and is still the cause of contention within the ranks of both parties, is the sugar industry, which this year celebrates its centennial. The values represented by sugar interests in the United States, and the entirely local investments in the culture of cane and the manufacture of sugar, have certainly been calculated to prevent favorable legislation as regards the industry, because it must be remembered that all of the sugar lands at present cultivated do not yield one-sixth of the saccharine matter consumed in this country. It will seem, therefore, remarkable that so insignificant a result should so significantly influence the trend of national legislation. It is not proposed here to discuss the causes that have operated for and against sugar in Congress, but merely to give a brief sketch of the industry and its growth.

Culture of cane in Louisiana dates as far back as 1751, when, it is currently supposed, the Jesuit fathers introduced it on their plantation above the limits of New Orleans.*

While cane was then found susceptible of cultivation, and planters grew small patches of it for the making of syrup, all attempts at granulation had proved futile.

In most instances the imperfect traditionary reports of experiments made by the Jesuits, and afterwards by a wealthy planter named Destrahan, show complete and absolute failures. It yet remains a fact that certain "sirop de cannes à sucre," or syrup of sugar-cane, was made in Louisiana in 1780, from the letters of a French officer, giving the list of native delicacies, served to him at the house of a Mr. Macarthy "on the coast" above New Orleans, including this very "sirop de cannes."

In the same letter is mentioned that it is only possible to make it in small quantities, on account of the difficulties attendant on the extraction of juice from the stalk.

Little, or, in fact, nothing, is known of the progress of syrup-making, but the first attempt to make sugar as a profitable venture was in 1794, when Étienne de Boré, a young officer who had married a daughter of the planter Destrahan, and who, in opposition to protesting friends and family, and despite the supplications of his wife, who predicted failure, undertook to manufacture sugar from cane raised on his plantation.

There are certain peculiarities which surrounded the personality of De Boré that it may be well to mention. In the first place, he was born in America, in that portion of Louisiana known now as Illinois, and according to his partial autobiography in manuscript, unpublished, belonging to the Louisiana Historical Society, he received the primary elements of his education in Canada, from whence he was sent to France, and, by strange good fortune, before reaching man's estate he was enlisted in the Royal Household Guard of Louis XV., called the King's Mousquetaires.†

According to the historian's account, the members of this troop were chosen only from families of noblemen, every private was a captain, and the commander a general.

It was while occupied with drills and military art and science that De Boré fell in love with the daughter of Destrahan, and he married her in 1771.

The wife became the owner of large estates in Louisiana, just above the city of New Orleans, and there De Boré concluded to risk his fortunes tilling the soil.

The crops that formed the chief agricultural industries of Louisiana did not pay, and after successive failures with cotton, indigo, and rice, De Boré found himself and his estates so deeply involved that he decided to risk all in a new venture.

His wife and his friends begged him to desist, but he was so determined that he engaged a Cuban to superintend the work of cultivation, and in 1794 he purchased a supply of canes from two Spaniards who raised them, and making use of these for seed, in 1795 he had the satisfaction to witness a beautiful crop of these reeds maturing before his hopeful and expectant eyes.

With the aid and advice of his Cuban employé, who was himself doubtful of the results, a sugar-mill was constructed.

It was not a steam-mill, such as graces the princely estates of to-day, but a small imperfect horse-power concern.

Grinding was to begin, and there assembled a large crowd of neighbors to witness the initial performance of the predicted failure.

It seemed a notable fact that the one who had the greatest doubts of his ability to make sugar from Louisiana cane was the one who was supposed to know the most about it—the Cuban.

The all-important question on the lips of every one present was, "Can the syrup granulate?" It is scarcely possible better to describe the scene than by quoting from the Louisiana historian Gayarré, who is a grandson of De Boré: "When the critical moment arrived, the stillness of death came among them, each one holding his breath, and feeling that it was a matter of ruin or prosperity for them all. Suddenly the sugar-maker cried out with exultation, 'It granulates!' and the crowd repeated, 'It granulates!' Inside and outside of the building one could have heard the wonderful tidings flying from mouth to mouth, and dying in the distance as if a hundred glad echoes were telling it to one another."

Judge Gayarré, in his valuable work, does not say how many pounds of sugar were made that year, but notes that De Boré sold the results of his crop for $12,000, which was a great deal of money in those days.

From this moment the sugar industry in Louisiana received general attention. It has gone through many trials and tided over critical situations, but it nevertheless forms to-day the chief source of assessable wealth in this Southern State.

In summing up concisely a review of Louisiana sugar-raising, it must be borne in mind that the planters have always been dependent for prospective profits on the changeful nature of Congressional legislation. The plaintive song of the planter is, "free sugar means starvation," so that a protective tariff has been an absolute necessity to foster the production of the much-used sweets in this country. It must also be remembered that the very small amount of sugar raised in Louisiana—312,000 tons—in 1893 is but a very small proportion of 1,894,000 tons estimated to have been consumed in the United States during the last year.*

It should be appreciated how difficult it is to impress sugar with the stamp of a national industry, since its production is so sectional and local. There are a few sugar farms in Texas and Florida, and in recent years the culture of beets has excited attention in Nebraska and California, but all the sugar raised in these localities does not amount to one-twenty-fifth of that produced in Louisiana. Therefore it should be a noticeable fact that the Louisiana product of sugar is continually affected by the rise and fall of prices throughout the entire world, while the absolute failure of her staple crop could not possibly affect the market.

Before going on further with the subject it may as well be understood that the Louisiana planter has more to contend against besides the possibilities of unfavorable legislation. It has to be taken into consideration that the raising of cane has been really found successful only in the alluvial lands—those subject to the overflows of the Mississippi River and its numerous outlets.

To keep intact the immense line of dikes, called levees, that are the only protection against overflows, requires an almost exorbitant system of local taxation. Besides this self-imposed scheme of assessment during the high water, every planter is working oftentimes his whole force of plantation hands on his levee front. The profits of sugar-raising have been large, but the expenses of the crop are something enormous, and absolutely unapproachable in cost by any other crop raised. The necessary capital for the inception of the industry is a fortune of itself, which may be entirely swept away in the short space of a few hours by the disastrous floods. The Louisiana planter has always been surrounded with a glamour of romance, for his abode has justly been called palatial, and his average fortune colossal.

In a great deal that has been written of him there has been much exaggeration and much truth, and the highly colored parts have been the better remembered.

The history of a period of thirty-two years, from 1830 to 1862, would read more like an *Arabian Nights* romance than the recountal of facts connected with Louisiana life, manners, and customs.

Slave labor was a remunerative incentive to the raising of sugar-cane, and the planter was prince of the estates he surveyed. His time and that of his family were well divided between the ease and luxury of a country-place and the fashionable precincts of the elegant hotels or private residences of "the city."

The planter, as land-owner, as controller of its revenue, did little else than enjoy himself and participate in the continuous political fights of the times. At home the culture of his crops was intrusted to the almost exclusive care of his manager and overseer, and his business in town was in the hands of his merchant. New Orleans was the gayest and most brilliant metropolis of the continent, the centre of wealth and prosperity, the home of refinement and elegance, the haven of chivalry and beauty. Anything approaching a correct description of the entertainments, private and public, would read as a myth from fairyland in this material age. The various hotels which sheltered the wealthy planters in New Orleans were then the handsomest and most expensive in America, and it may be said that for years they enjoyed an exclusive monopoly of this style of hostelry business. The names of the St. Charles and the St. Louis are as familiar and suggestive of ease and comfort as can well be, while their imposing structures were mutely indicative of the classic refinement of the age they were built in. Not only was social magnificence in vogue at the capital, but the evidence of wealth and prosperity was patent in the mode of travel, and the etiquette of the steamboat was a marked feature of the Louisiana planter's social life.

Steamboats were then superb floating palaces, long since abandoned by the travelling public for the speedier luxuries of sleeping-cars.

To-day a great amount of Eastern capital has found profitable investment in sugar estates, and the latest improvements in machinery and chemical methods are apparent. To enable the reader to follow properly a description of the cultivation of cane, it will become necessary to begin at the end, or just before the grinding or harvest season, for then it is that the seed for the next year is preserved. It seems strange that the experience of the sugar-planter should in respect to the raising of cane set at naught the general maxim in both animal and vegetable life that like will produce like,† the principle that only strong healthy parents can produce their kind—these characteristics have come to be completely ignored by the intelligent scientific planter of to-day.

Instead, as in other branches of agriculture, of reserving the best and finest of the cane for planting purposes, it is with remarkable unanimity that the oldest and most scattering *rattoons* are used for next year's seed.‡

There seems to be no apparent good reason for this inconsistency beyond the fact that the best cane yields the most sugar, and the planter deems it a sacrifice to stow away for seed that which represents such a large manufactured revenue.

In former years cane was preserved for seed by stowing it in mattresses made in this wise: In the autumn, before the first frosts, the cane was cut and placed in beds on a high, well-drained spot. The beds were made of layers of the stalks in such a way that the leafy ends of one layer covered the naked stalks of the preceding layer—the same principle by which a house is shingled. Thus is formed a complete protection against frost. In the early spring, or oftentimes, weather permitting, soon after the grinding season is over, the cane is taken from the mattress, and planted in rows made in deeply ploughed and well-pulverized earth—the cane placed in rows, as a rule, two abreast, and covered two to four inches deep.§

Mattresses are not generally used now, being superseded by the seed-cane being put in *windrows*, that is, laying two rows of cane in one on the style of the mattress and covering with ploughed earth.‖

This method is now exclusively in vogue for the preservation of seed. In the spring the same method of planting is operated as though the cane were *mattressed*. The *windrow* has been found cheaper and safer. Many farmers plant their seed-cane in the fall of the year, before grinding begins, by simply putting the stalks directly in the ground prepared to receive them, and they grow up as soon as the warm weather sets in, but it seemed a much-disputed point among cane-growers as to whether fall planting is more desirable than spring. It cannot be here discussed and argued, for space will not permit; it will suffice to say that there is rarely a sugar-planter's meeting or convention where the matter is not a foremost topic of discussion.

In earlier times the cane rows were placed three feet apart, then five feet, but the regulation distance at the present day is seven feet, and produces the best results.*

The science—because such it is—of fertilizing has been carefully and cautiously studied, and continual progress in this branch is one of the marked advances in modern cane culture.

Only a few years ago the chemist was an unknown adjunct to the sugar farm, while to-day every well-regulated plantation employs one. The culture of sugar-cane from beginning to end is one continuous round of scientific experiments and results, which cannot fail to interest the most casual observer.

About the month of July the crop is "laid by"; that is, the cane receives its last working, when planter and laborer have a period of much-needed rest.

Cane-growing is so well adapted to this climate that when the great heat of July and August sets in a great relief from farm labors follows as a necessity. During these two months the plantation hands are given "tasks," at so much a task, cleaning drains and ditch-banks and cross-roads and hedges, and numerous other odds and ends. They work a few hours in the early morning, to take up the work again later in the afternoon, with the intervening hours during the heat of the day for rest and comfort in the cool shade.

It must not be supposed from this that the heat is excessive, for it is rarely that the thermometer rises above 90° in the shade, and there is always a breeze to be found somewhere, under the trees or on the spacious galleries of the homes.

Sugar-cane is made up about as follows: 77 per cent. of water, 8 per cent. of wood, and 15 per cent. of sugar; the sugar itself consisting entirely of carbon and water—strange as it may seem, the greater proportion of the carbon of plants being derived from the air, and not from the earth. The culture of cane has not been found particularly exhaustive to the soil. In the first days of October the cane is ready for harvest; then begins the busiest, while it is the most interesting, season of the year. The first-class sugar-house of to-day represents the intricacies of years of scientific development and the elegance and grace of artistic proportions.

The sugar-house has been factory, boarding-house, residence, machine-shop, warehouse, stable, and ballroom, and these are cited as some of the uses to which the large and commodious structure has been put to at one and the same time.

Before the fires are lighted under the boilers the planter moves to the sugar-house, and takes up his residence there during the whole rolling season; there he spends his entire time through long days and sleepless nights, anxiously watching the progress of the multifarious labors therein enacted. For three whole months, more or less, he is submitted to a tension of anxiety and excitement, all the detail of the mechanical, manual, or animal labor awakening the scrutiny of his keenest interest; his whole fortune is in the balance, and success or failure is oftentimes wealth or ruin. It is frequently the case that he moves his whole family to the sugar-house; it becomes the plantation home, and there is dispensed that well-known and generous hospitality; there is the scene of the frolic or the dance, the inimitable and unapproachable sugar-house party.

Who has ever been to a sugar-house party that does not look back with longing pleasure to that night spent among laborers and mechanics, agriculturist and scientist, whose busy lives were a striking antithesis to the fop or professional gallant?

It is impossible to find a more democratic coterie than the reunion of white laborers and mechanics, chemists and bookkeepers, cane and sugar weighers, and overseers, at the dinner table presided over in unassuming and modest equality by the *owner* of the plantation.

One of the most notable changes in the sugar-house is in the manner of lighting, electric lights supplanting the oil-lamps entirely. With the incoming of gas the attempt was made to make use of it, a great many plantations making their own gas, but it was found to be too expensive for the limited use in the short space of three months.

What gave an impetus to the electric lighting was the success that has been made of it on steamboats, in lieu of the wonderfully picturesque lighting of the flambeaux.

Every one about the sugar-house, black and white alike, is expected to work the entire day, and to make one "watch" of five hours at night; for when grinding commences the work goes steadily on without interruption, save for the repairing of some part of the machinery due to accident, until the last stalk of cane has passed through the mill. Day and night, week-day and Sunday, the process of harvesting and manufacture goes on in almost ceaseless continuity. It is possible that bad weather and bad roads may prevent a proper supply of cane, when it becomes necessary to stop for want of material, but otherwise there is no such thing as taking a rest during grinding season.

In the process of harvesting, the standing cane in the field is cut by scores of men and women, who dexterously handle the long broad cane-knives.

With the dull edge of the blade they shuck the cane, then cut the tops at such a distance from the ground as maturity will warrant. After a number of stalks have been topped, they are cut as close to the ground as possible, leaving a *stubble* for next year, and are thrown in a pile in an adjoining row. It is not unusual to see a gang of two hundred and fifty hands wielding the cane-knife, but this depends entirely upon the size of the mill to be supplied and its capacity to consume. Behind the cane-cutters come the wagons, on which the cane is piled by a gang who do nothing but load. These large wagons, drawn by four stout mules and managed with a *single line* by an expert colored teamster, are driven on the nearest route to the sugar-house, where they are weighed on a large pair of platform scales.

The plantation weigher knows every wagon and its weight, making allowance for it, and additional deduction for excess of mud on the wheels. It is usual for the load to be dumped under the cane-shed, and for the empty wagon to return to the scales to take into account the mud weight.

* While there is no doubt as to the Jesuit fathers being the first growers of cane, the date of its introduction in Louisiana is a disputed point.

† It has been proved without a doubt that De Boré was thirteen years of age when he left for France, establishing the fact of the existence of schools in Canada at that time.

* The number of tons consumed in the year hailing 1894 is but another of the coincidences attached to the centennial of sugar-making.

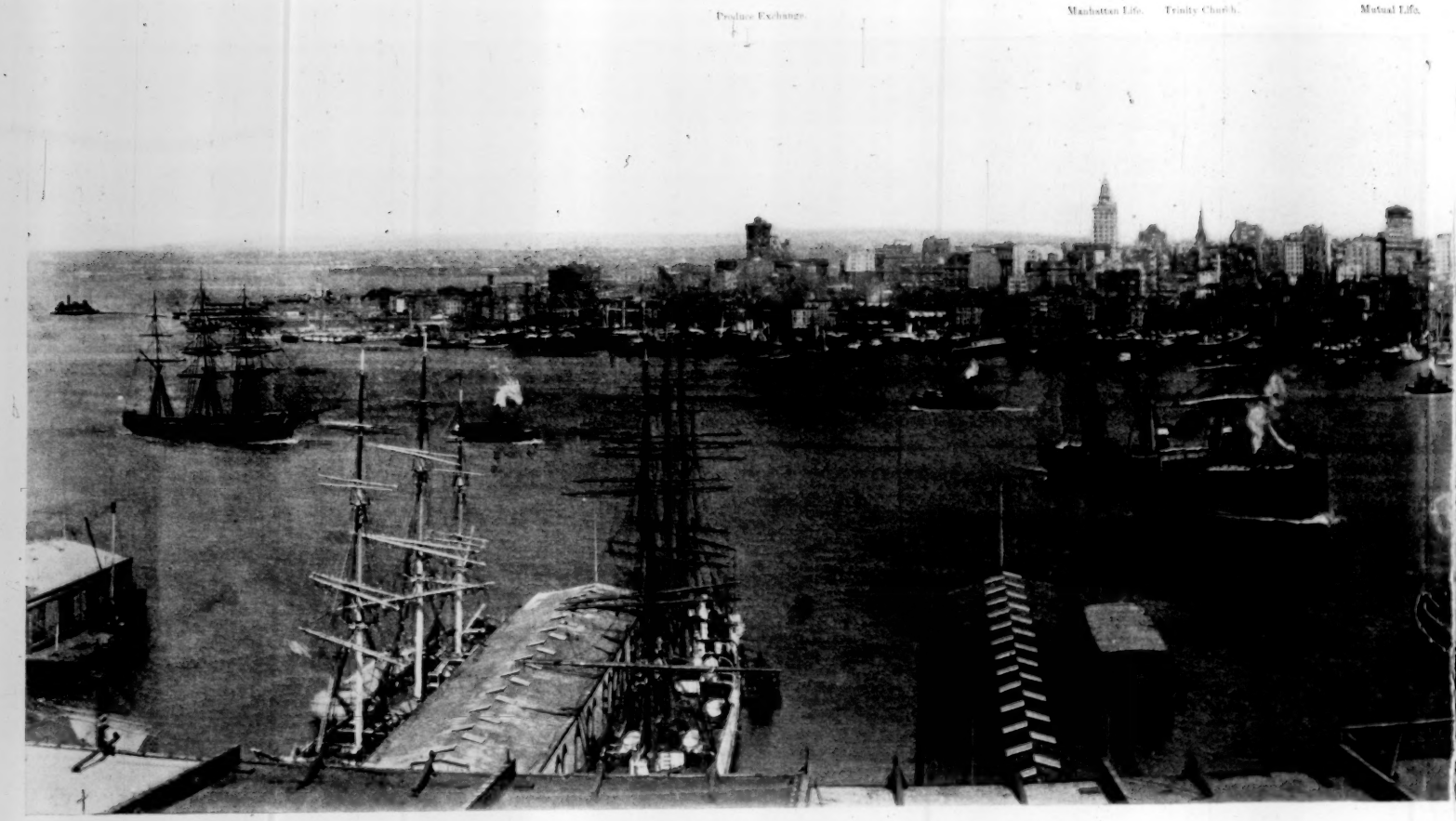
† *De Bow's Review.*

‡ *Rattoons* or stubble are the first, second, and third years' growth of cane from the old stalk and roots left in the ground.

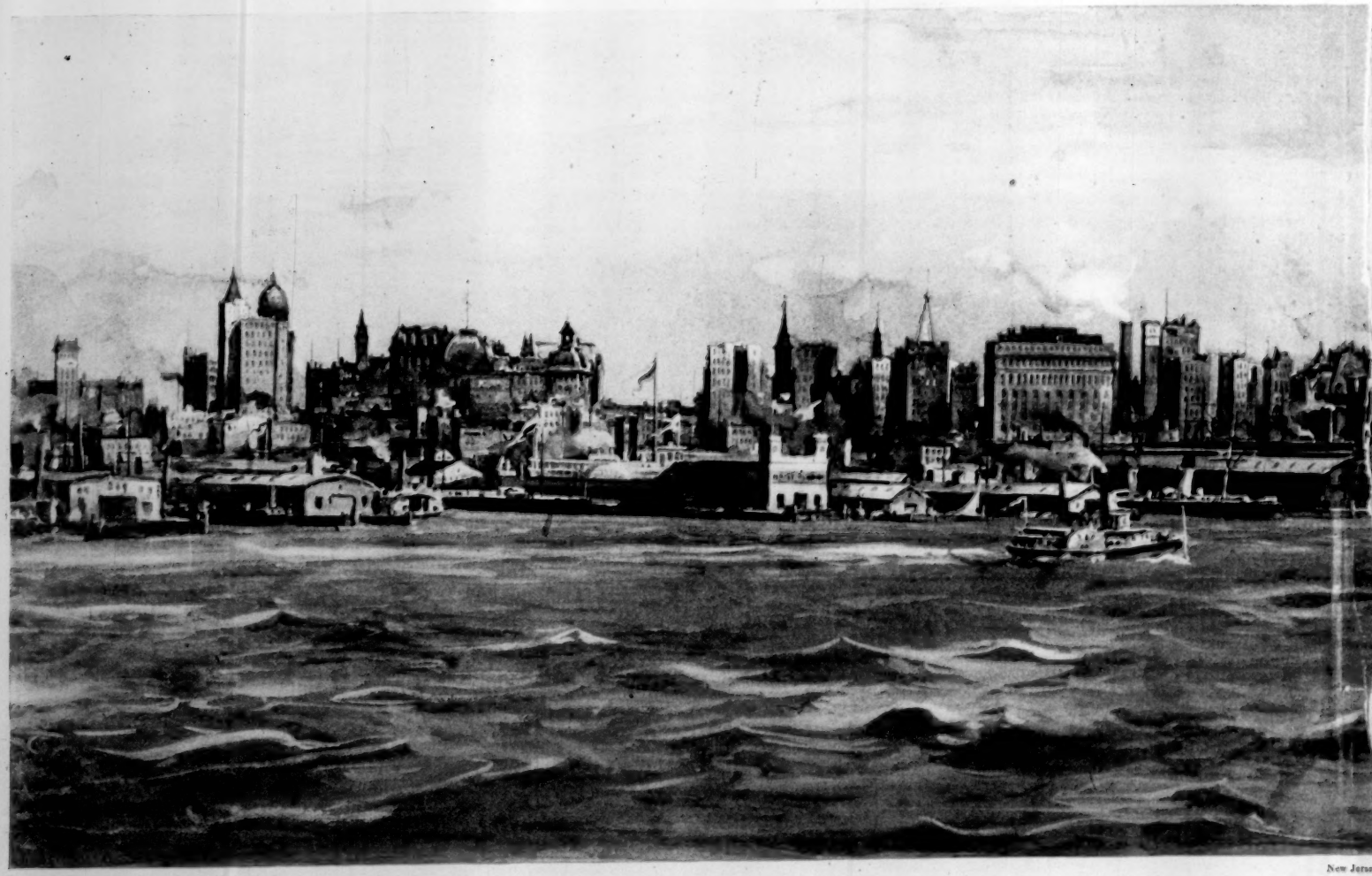
§ In the construction of a mattress, the leafy end of the stalk is placed towards the south, the naked stalk towards the north.

‖ Windrowing originated from the fact that the cane is laid in a row, with the leaves to leeward or from the wind, so that the wind blows over without disturbing them.

* Professor Stubbs claims that planters must return to the old five feet distance as better, and that his experiments prove it.




VIEW FROM BROOKLYN.—FROM A




VIEW FROM THE NORTH RIVER

THE AGE OF SKY-SCRAPERS—TALL BUILDINGS IN THE BU

OM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STEBBINS.

RIVER.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.

BUSINESS DISTRICT OF NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

One four-mule wagon weighs an average of 2500 pounds, while the net weight of one load of cane is about 3000 pounds. These figures vary with the condition of the cane, for more cane can be crowded into a wagon when all the stalks are straight than when they are curved and twisted, as sometimes occurs.

This process of cutting, hauling, and weighing goes on from five o'clock in the morning until five or half past in the afternoon, excepting the stops that are made—a half hour for breakfast, that is brought to the laborer in the field, and one hour for dinner at his home.

The cane shed where the wagons dump their loads is a stoutly constructed shed covering an area varying from 5000 to 10,000 square feet. The cane is here ranked in immense piles, just as wood is corded, and a special gang is at work ranking the cane to make way for another load. There is also a large force supplying and feeding the mill from the cane brought by these same wagons. The method is this—the cane that is ranked is only to be used at night, when no hauling is done, while in the daytime the mill is fed directly with the quantity dumped from the carts.

The cane shed gang is composed of the negro women of the plantation, who place the cane on the carrier, and lend color to the scene with their bandanna kerchiefs, and singing in chorus or refrain taken up by one from the other. The gang gathers great armfuls of cane and carries them to the cane carrier, which is a moving concern, reminding one strongly of the movable sidewalk at the World's Fair, excepting that it goes at an angle of some thirty degrees to a point directly over the rollers, where the canes drop off between the rollers and are crushed.

Five-roller mills are usual, but nine-roller mills are coming into vogue. The rollers are just what the name indicates, first three large metallic cylindrical rollers, two below and one above, and between these passes the sugar-cane. The remnants, called *bagasse*, come out on the other side, to be run by another carrier between two more larger and lighter rollers, and from thence to the bagasse-burner, where this refuse is consumed as fuel. Some years ago, and in rare instances to-day, the bagasse is an absolute waste, carted away to decay in some neglected spot, but now it serves the double duty of fuel and fertilizer. After the extraction of the juice from the cane it is first passed through a sieve, leaving behind it a great mass of impurities and extraneous matter that naturally follows it from the mill. The first clarification is by submitting the fluid to the effects of sulphur and lime. After this the juice is pumped directly into tanks, from which it is drawn into the clarifiers or kettles, as the case may be.

Formerly, before refined sugar was manufactured, this juice was brought from the tanks into immense kettles, under which were kept roaring fires. In the first kettle the juice was boiled and skimmed, undergoing a certain process of clarification; then, by the aid of long-handled buckets, it was transferred to the second kettle to undergo the second skimming and clarification, and so on until it reached the last kettle. There were usually four; the last kettle was called the battery. There originally it was cooked to the proper density, as measured by the saccharometer, and afterwards put into large wooden vats, called coolers, where it would crystallize. In the subsequent development of the industry another kettle was added, called a strike-pan, and the battery only furnished that delicious sweet known in Louisiana alone as "syrop de batterie."

An interesting feature of the second and third kettles was that they furnished the juice at such a point of preparation that a pitcherful was oftentimes dipped out, and by a proper admixture of good whiskey made a very delicious punch that was an invariable refreshment, if a hot drink can be so called, at sugar-house parties. This beverage was called "vin de cannes." It can also be remarked that what is known as sugar-house candy or caramel is drawn just before the coolers are filled. To return to the crystallizing of sugar: There is but little more to add to this process. As soon as the crystallization is finished, the mass of dark sticky stuff is shovelled into great immense cypress barrels called hogsheads. These hogsheads are full of holes, and are left to drip for some days, and the molasses that is in them flows into the purgery-tank below. This is called the *open-kettle* process, but it is to-day considered costly and unprofitable. The waste is too great, and the price of unrefined sugars too low. The process of diffusion, or of boiling the juice out of the cane, somewhat on the principle that juice is boiled out of apples in making jelly, is not in vogue, but is susceptible of much improvement, and, Professor Stubbs thinks, is eventually destined to general use. For the other process it is only necessary to find the juice again in the tanks before it goes to the kettles or clarifiers. The clarifiers in the refining process take the place of the kettles, and are large deep rectangular vessels, in the bottoms of which there is a steam-worm or a coil of steam-pipes. When the juice comes into the vessels the steam is turned on into the pipes, and in this way the juice is boiled and skimmed in each of the four to a specified consistency, as noted by the saccharometer. The skimmings from these kettles are saved and passed through a powerful filter press, such as is used in any other liquid clarification.

There is nothing picturesque or fascinating about this, because the juice is simply transferred from one clarifier to another by a system of pipes. There is no poetry of motion, as in the old-fashioned way, no hearty call from one kettleman to the other, who is ready to receive, "Let her come," and no gay hearty song in rhythmic cadence with the motion of his awkward-looking long-handled dipper or tub, but graceful enough when wielded by expert hands.

From the clarifiers cane-juice is pumped into large tanks, where it is left to settle a few hours, and from there goes into the vacuum pan—a great conelike affair that is air-tight and heated by steam, where the expert sugar-maker and his assistant keep a constant vigil with their tests and magnifying-glasses. There the mass is cooked until a proper crystallization can be assured. So soon as this is done the cooked matter is sent to what is called the mixer—a long semicylindrical vat wherein revolves an axis with many prongs, and during the stages of cooling, mixing and crystallization are perfected. This mixer is directly over the "centrifugals," which are nothing more nor less than great rapidly revolving tubs with perforated sides. The revolutions of these centrifugals are something like 1200 a minute. As the name implies the principle, the thick dark matter is forced from the centre to the sides, the liquid goes through the perforations, leaving behind it the grains of beautiful snow-white sugar. The men in charge, and who are expert at the business, know immediately when the sugar is dry. They stop the "centrifugal," and with a paddle detach the sugar from the sides, open the bottom of the machine, and the sugar goes through to a room below, on to the granulator, from whence it is poured into the barrels that are placed on a dancing arrangement for self-packing.

The barrels are weighed, marked, and shipped to New Orleans, the product is sold at market prices by commission merchants and brokers.

Before leaving this branch of the subject it should be said that the drippings from the hogshead in the old process, and the liquid matter that is extracted through the centrifugals, is called molasses, and has a commercial value.

The sugar-house of to-day is as different from the sugar-house of former years as one branch of scientific progress can well be from another. The latter-day sugar-house, with all its modern improvements and development, is as orderly and cleanly as a well-regulated house. It is the pride of the planter, as the home is the pride of the planter's wife.

Having given a general sketch of the raising of cane and manufacture of sugar, it will not be inappropriate to include some ideas on the values that the industry represents, and something of the laborer who earns his bread on the sugar farm; something of this special branch of knowledge that fits the planter and the sugar-makers for the arduous tasks before them, and something about the legislation affecting the staple.

Sugar-lands in Louisiana vary greatly in price, because they are really dependent upon local improvements and conditions. Cleared land, cultivable, but without buildings or sugar-house, can be purchased readily for from ten to twenty-five dollars an acre. The necessary sugar-house quarters for the laborers, out-houses, stables, and residence, represent a value on a first-class plantation of twelve hundred acres of not less than $100,000. The mules, horses, and implements of agriculture for the same plantation represent no less a sum than $25,000. In other words, if a stretch of bare cane-land were to be purchased it would take almost every cent of $200,000 to put it in cane according to the most approved methods. Yet it is almost impossible to explain why such property, so thoroughly improved and appreciated by the labor of man, will never bring its owner anything like one-half of its representative value at a sale. Such a plantation, including every cent of the values enumerated, in one of the best localities on the upper coast, between Baton Rouge and New Orleans, was recently sold at auction, after the death of its owner, and brought, all told, *growing crop* included, the whole sum of $67,000. It is well to know that this plantation will represent in 1894 a revenue in *sugar bounty* alone of at least $40,000, while the gross sale of the crop will probably foot no less than $80,000, which sums, if added, will show a gross revenue for one year of $120,000, or nearly twice the purchase price of the estate. What proportion of this may be estimated as profit it is almost impossible to say, but an idea of the *cost* of cultivation can be given, the figures showing the value of labor and general expenditures on a crop raised by one of the best planters in the State.

The cost of cultivation by actual calculation was found to be $2 50 per ton, and a further cost of $1 25 per ton for manufacture, or a total cost of $3 75 per ton. The cane on that plantation the same year yielded an average of 162 pounds of sugar to the ton, which, at five cents a pound, represents the sum of $8 10. Of course there are to be considered the expenses of shipment, commissions, cooperage, and various other items that have to be included. It was ascertained that the same plantation averaged a yield of 17¼ of cane tons to the acre, or 2835 pounds of sugar. A yield of 6000 pounds of sugar on an acre of ground is registered as a fact, and with these figures it would seem astonishing that the Louisiana planter ever complains of hard times, for there is no crop harvested that furnishes such revenue. It must be continually borne in mind, however, that the risks are great, and one year of overflow and loss means a wrecked fortune and blasted hopes.

There are to-day a great many planters who do not grind their own cane, but find it profitable to sell it to adjoining sugar refineries at prices ranging from $3 to $4 25 per ton. It has certainly been demonstrated that the sugar culture in Louisiana must eventually resolve itself into the latter condition as most profitable to both manufacturer and planter. The day of the small grower—the 100 or even the 400 acre man, with a sugar-house to run at his own expense—is past, as also the day of the old process of making unrefined sugar and syrup has long since disappeared.

Among the later-day problems of plantation life, under discussion and much study, yet susceptible only of self-solution, is the labor problem. There was a period not long since when labor was scarce, but that was only momentary, and fears on this point were soon dispelled. Before the war each planter owned the necessary quota of hands in the shape of negro slaves, who could be adapted to all ordinary uses. Many of them filled the very responsible positions of carpenters, coopers, engineers, and even sugar-makers in the ordinary open-kettle process. In those days, because of the slave labor, Louisiana could in a way compete with the West Indies and other sugar-raising countries, despite the fact that cane is a forced growth and not indigenous to Louisiana soil. With the change of conditions the well-paid and well-housed free negro is a large item of expense in the cultivation and manufacture of sugar in competition with the slave labor of other countries.

It is not proposed to discuss here the race question in any of its numerous phases, but simply to note the perfect contentment of the laboring-classes, composed almost exclusively of former slaves and their descendants. As a matter of fact, it is scarcely possible to find two races so opposite in characteristics living side by side with so little friction.

Every plantation has its negro quarters, neatly white-washed rows of frame cottages, called cabins, and to each cabin is allotted a vegetable garden plot and a cistern. From planting-time on to the grinding the men laborers get seventy-five cents per day, the women receiving fifty cents per day. They are paid every two weeks. This system of paying semi-monthly has been almost universally adopted, so that the negro laborer can live on a cash basis and have less cause of complaint against his employer. During grinding season the laborers are paid one dollar a day, and fifty cents a watch. Certain expert labor in the sugar-house is better paid, but this work is generally done by white men. Negroes prefer to receive their full wages and to board themselves, while the white laborer is always boarded at the sugar-house by the plantation.

The negroes are continually giving evidence of their contentment and happiness, oftentimes singing a joyous chorus at night in the quarters, or "cutting a pigeon-wing" to the tune of Uncle Jim's squeaking old fiddle, or dancing a "set." Then the everlasting patting, a rhythmic but scarcely elegant accompaniment to the fiddle or banjo.

When the last cane is ground and the harvest over, the planter often gives all the negroes a big ball under the cane-shed, and this is usually looked forward to as an event fruitful of much pleasure and enjoyment. Italian laborers are gradually finding their way on to sugar places in certain localities, but they do not seem to become expert in field work. Malays in numerous instances are employed for skilful work in the sugar-houses.

After many years of experience the sugar-planter has realized the necessity of inaugurating a school wherein can be taught the practical and scientific methods of cane culture and sugar manufacture, and with that end in view, in 1885 there was organized, at the expense of the Louisiana planters, a corporation known as the Louisiana Scientific and Agricultural Association. This corporation made up the sum of $12,000 for the purposes in view, and subsequently, when by virtue of the Congressional appropriation known as the Hatch bill the Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College was enabled to establish experimental-agricultural stations in the State, the Legislature authorized the consolidation of one-third of the Hatch bill fund with the sugar-planter fund to establish and support the station near New Orleans. The two other stations of the State University are in Baton Rouge and Calhoun. The first-named station was located some fifteen miles above New Orleans until 1889, when an arrangement was made with the city whereby a portion of ground some fifty acres in extent was allotted from what is known as Audubon Park for the use of the experimental station. It will be remembered that in this park the Cotton Centennial Exposition was held in 1884, and, strange to say, this same park was the former De Boré plantation, where he successfully made his first sugar crop one hundred years ago.

Here a sugar-house has been erected with a nine-roller mill and every style of modern improvement and machinery, at a cost of $65,000, with necessary laboratories and accessories, and in 1890 it was formally opened. Besides the experimental feature it has a regular sugar-school with a corps of professors, at the head of whom is Professor W. C. Stubbs, Professor of Agriculture at the State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College.

This sugar-school aims to give a three-years' course in chemistry, sugar-making, mechanics, drawing, and practical agriculture, and it seems fitting and proper that its first finishing class will be graduated the centennial year of sugar-raising in Louisiana, on the very grounds where sugar was first made. The rates of tuition are one-hundred dollars per year for Louisianians, and two hundred dollars for outsiders, while all graduates of the State University get a sugar education free. There were forty pupils at the sugar-school this year, of whom eight came from Cuba,* one from United States of Colombia, one from the island of St. Croix, two hailed from Hawaii, one from California, one from Kansas City, one each from Chicago and Nebraska, with twenty-three Louisianians.

The demand for students of this school is so great that they are paid for their services during grinding season even before graduation, returning afterwards to finish their course. Besides making experiments with cane, Professor Stubbs tries pedigreed sorghum, while extensive experiments are made in other agricultural products, to which the two stations at Baton Rouge and Calhoun are more exclusively devoted.

To refer to the tariff, the first favorable tariff legislation in 1816 was fruitful of much good result, and the production steadily increased until 1834. Sugar statistics only date back to 1823, in which year a crop of 30,000 hogsheads was made, while in 1834 the crops registered 100,000 hogsheads. From 1816 on to 1834 a specific duty of three cents per pound was raised on foreign sugars. In 1834 or thereabouts the duty was reduced to two and a half cents, and it was considered a very severe blow aimed at the industry—so serious that the crop of 1835 registered only 30,000 hogsheads.

Matters soon mended, and the planters realized they could make money on two and a half cents duty, when began that golden era of almost uninterrupted prosperity which culminated with the civil war, the tremendous crop of 1861 reaching over 459,000 hogsheads. Cavalry and infantry trampled over the cane-fields, houses and mills were burned, labor was demoralized, and in 1864 only 10,000 hogsheads were made, while in 1865 the figure did not reach 20,000.

Congress was generous, however, and under the influences of a three-cent duty the industry reached 145,000 hogheads in 1870, when the duty was reduced to two cents, and the crop fell in 1873 to slightly over 89,000 hogsheads. Again in 1875 was the duty raised to two and a half cents, and again did the output of home produce increase, until the reduction made by the bill of 1883. In 1889–90 this bill was repealed, and the substitute was a free-sugar clause, which law was modelled after the German idea, and the McKinley bill provided the payment of two cents per pound bounty for fifteen years for all sugars raised in the United States. Louisiana planters did all they could to prevent the substitution of a bounty for the previous uninterrupted period of protective tariff legislation, but all of this was of no avail, and the bounty was provided for and paid. Of course it gave a great stimulus to the industry, the yield of 1893 reaching 312,000 tons. From a Democratic stand-point the clause was neither democratic nor constitutional, the people of this great republic rebelled against a yearly tax of $12,000,000 to protect a special industry, and the Convention in 1892 declared the McKinley bill a cowardly makeshift, and their vigorous campaign culminated in the election of President Cleveland on a tariff-reform platform. The sugar schedule was the subject of long bitter controversy in the House until this article was put on the free list. Then the Senate had its "inning," and for weeks and weeks the result was in suspense, until a one and a half cents ad valorem duty was decided upon. Now the House is wrangling over the Senate amendment.

There are no doubt wide differences of opinion on the question of the future of the sugar industry, but these opinions are rather moulded by the influences of local conditions and temperament than foresight. The progressive and wealthy planter, while he has fought and is fighting to maintain proper protection for his industry, does not pretend that he will abandon it if the article is placed entirely on the free list, while the small, the unprogressive, the debt-burdened planter declares that the industry is ruined and doomed.

Despite the local interest of the planter to retain a bounty for the staple, there are few of them who will not frankly admit that it is unjust, and the fight they made against it at first evidence of their real wishes. Their fight to retain it was rather impelled by selfishness than principle.

H. L. F., A.A.

* Another coincidence is that while Cuba sent the first sugar-maker to Louisiana, Louisiana is now educating Cubans to make sugar.

## THE OLD STATE BUILDINGS AT KINGSTON, NEW YORK.

KINGSTON, which in the days when the first State government was organized there was only a group of some 300 blue limestone houses, is now a lively city of 30,000 population, with many thriving factories.

The Lexington of New York was at Kingston, and there the first State Legislature convened and the first Constitution of the State of New York was adopted, and on July 30th the patriotic people of the State of New York, under the auspices of the old Senate-house Committee, celebrated that event with an evening parade of the local posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the National Guard, civic and other societies, and the fire department. This was followed by a mass-meeting on the grounds of the old Senate-house, where patriotic addresses were delivered by Hon. William Lounsbery, formerly Mayor of Kingston, and others.

Happily for Kingston, which was the first capital of the State of New York, nearly all of the old State buildings yet stand. Some of them have to a certain degree been modernized, but they all stand to-day on the same spot that they did when occupied by the different departments of the first State government.

Chief in interest of these old buildings is the old Senate-house. This is a typical old Dutch mansion of the better class, and is one of the oldest houses now standing in New York State. It is the ancestral home of the American Ten Broecks, and was originally built about 1676 by Colonel Wessel (Farmer) Ten Broeck, a Westphalian. At the period of the Revolutionary war it had passed into the possession of Abraham Van Gansbeek, and at the organization of the State government, preparatory to the assembling of the Legislature under the new Constitution in the month of September, 1777, it was chosen as the meeting-place of the State Senate.

In this house the first Senate under the new Constitution was organized on September 10, 1777, and where its deliberations were carried on until when, on October 16th, the Legislature fled before the approach of the British, who left but two houses unburned in the village, and burning this "nest of Whig rebellion" with the others. Only the walls were left standing, but as soon after the Revolution as practicable the house was repaired, and remains until the present day.

After passing through many hands it became the property of the State in recent years. It is now the repository of a wealth of Revolutionary and Colonial relics. Preserved therein are many of the paintings of the artist John Vanderlyn, who was a native of Kingston, and a protégé of Aaron Burr. This lot includes all of the original sketches of the Vanderlyn pictures in the Rotunda at Washington, which have been copied on our bank-bills; the famous painting of Niagara Falls which was taken to England by Vanderlyn, and exhibited there with great success; a portrait of Washington, now almost priceless in value, which he painted while a student under Gilbert Stuart from the original by that artist; and the famous panorama of "Napoleon in the Gardens of Versailles," which Vanderlyn exhibited in the old Rotunda in the City Hall Park, New York. The other relics there preserved—old pewter, silver, and Delft-ware gathered from the old Dutch families, pictures, books, manuscripts, and arms—would be of value to any historical museum or library in the land.

Unfortunately the ravages of time have destroyed the old Bogardus tavern, where the Constitution was adopted on April 20, 1777, and where the first Assembly under the new Constitution met on September 10, 1777. In its place on the northwest corner of Maiden Lane and Fair Streets, now stands a substantial mansion of one of the descendants of the owner of the old Constitution House, as the building was called.

The old Court-house, which stands to-day as one of the best-preserved specimens of Dutch Colonial architecture in the land, was erected in the early part of the eighteenth century. With the other buildings of the town it was, with the exception of its limestone walls, burned by the British on that fateful day in October, 1777.

It was in the old Court-house where the convention elected to prepare a form of government met on March 6, 1777. On April 20th the convention, then in session at the old Bogardus tavern, adopted the Constitution, and two days later General George Clinton, who was destined to become the first Governor of the State, mounted to the top of an upturned pork-barrel in front of the Court-house and read and promulgated the Constitution to the people. When he had finished, the bells of the old Academy, the Court-house, and the old Dutch church rang out the glad tidings, while the people cheered, and a park of cannon added their thunder to the noise of general rejoicing.

On July 27, 1777, in the old Court-house, General George Clinton qualified, took the oath of office and allegiance, and took up the duties of Governor. On September 9th of the same year the first term of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, with Chief Justice John Jay as its presiding officer, was held in the Court-house. On September 10th Governor Clinton called together for the first time the two Houses of Legislature in joint session, and delivered to them his first message. After the war the building was restored, and in 1818 was enlarged and generally repaired as it stands to-day.

There are many other old houses in Kingston which are intimately associated with Revolutionary days. The old De Waal tavern, still standing on North Front Street, was a famous hostelry in those days. It had a famous ballroom with a spring floor, and there Washington, Clinton, Lafayette, and other famous generals led the minuet with the Colonial dames. What has given the De Waal house its historical value, however, is the fact that in its famous ballroom the Committee of Safety of New York held their sessions after they fled from New York city. They continued to hold their sessions here until they were disturbed by the British, when they fled to Hurley, four miles distant.

The old Tappen manor, at the junction of Greene and Crown streets, was built immediately after the great fire. The old home of the Tappens stood in another part of the town, and was occupied by Christoffel Tappen, a brother-in-law of Governor Clinton. The Governor took up his residence there; and also became a resident of the new house, which still stands, immediately after the great fire, making it the executive mansion, and using one of its chambers as an executive chamber.

The old Academy, one of the oldest institutions of learning in the State, was organized and was in full and successful operation before the Revolution. Among its earlier pupils were the Clintons, James and George, the scions of the Livingston family, the De Pauws, De Puys, and many of the older Dutch and Huguenot families. Later, the children of General Armstrong, De Witt Clinton, and other men who have figured in the history of our country, received instruction within its walls. It was also burned during the great fire, but the lovers of learning of that time, while living themselves in a "lean-to" against the blackened walls of their own homes, repaired the academy buildings, and in less than four months after the fire had the school in full operation again. The building still stands in good preservation on the corner of John and Crown streets.

The only house in Kingston which was not despoiled by the invader's torch is still standing on Wall Street at the head of the Bowery. It is known as the "Sonnometje" Van Steenberg house. It is asserted that this is the oldest house standing in the State of New York, and the Van Steenberg family have documents to prove that it was built in 1644. Standing as it did among the rye-fields on the extreme edge of the town, it escaped the destroyer.

The old Wynkoop house is famous as the old Brewery. It was set on fire, but a negro slave rolling out a barrel of ale to the British soldiery, they obligingly extinguished the flames before they had done much damage. They then compelled the negro to drink of the beer before they tasted it as a proof that it was not poisoned. Whereupon they regaled themselves upon their national beverage until they became savagely drunk. It is believed that this caused the town to be utterly destroyed.

The old Jansen house, on the northwest corner of John and Crown streets, is notable from its associations with Domine Everardus Bogardus and his wife, the famous Anneke Jans. It was reputed to be their home at one time. After the Revolutionary war it was rebuilt, and an additional story added to it.

Among other famous old structures still standing in Kingston are the old Martinus Hoffman homestead, which is the ancestral well-spring of the old stock of American Hoffmans, and is to-day occupied by the eighth generation of Hoffmans; the Vanderlyn homestead, where lived John Vanderlyn, America's famous historical painter, the home of the Hasbroucks, and other old Colonial mansions.

## THE WORST OF ENEMIES.

I do not fear an enemy
Who all his days hath hated me.

I do not bother o'er a foe
Whose name and face I do not know.

I mind me not the small attack
Of him who bites behind my back:

But Heaven help me to the end
'Gainst that one who was once my friend.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## TWO VIEWS OF NEW YORK.

AN imaginative school-boy, when he looks at the map of New York city, ought to find there some resemblance to a finger-post. The riparian engineer has drawn fairly straight lines on the upper Hudson and East River sides, but has not been able to overcome the natural trend and rounding of land on the bay frontage. It is then a crumpled hand and a pudgy finger at the Battery which points the way to New York Bay.

If you were to head your little craft straight away from this index-finger, you would drive your prow on Staten Island. You make a course a trifle to the left, and you thread the Narrows, work through the lower bay, and still keeping southeasterly, you are free of Sandy Hook, New Jersey, and soon you breast the broad Atlantic; and did you track due east then, you would never stop until you reached Portugal.

Great cities are set down by great rivers, and New York is New York because on one side is the Hudson River, and on the other the East River. And for the reason that river and Sound commingle and empty into a big, roomy, almost landlocked bay, it happens that the most fortunate configuration of land and water to be found in the world is just precisely here. In the two views of New York the upper one represents a portion of the city fronting on the East River. By long habit and custom that body of salt water which is the Sound has been dubbed a river, which it is not. But "estuary," being a four-syllabled word, cannot be used. To the New-Yorker the Sound begins northeastward, considerably beyond the city limits.

The first illustration should be studied beginning at the extreme left. The vessel with furled sails, pulled by the tug, is coming from sea. She first sighted the Battery and Castle Garden; then the whole view of New York begins.

The square massive tower of warm-colored brick shows the Produce Exchange. Because it is huge and solid, it is a fair landmark, inasmuch as it does away with the idea of any flimsy pack-of-card constructions. To the right of it, but barely perceptible, is the Washington Building. After that, jumping upwards above the usual sky-line, is the Manhattan Life Building.

As this article is being written the Manhattan Life is surmounted by a great iron bird-cage. It is in that exact condition which a writer on architecture describes as representing the time of struggle between the engineer and the architect. It is a portion of a building in an act of transition. Just as soon as the iron scaffold is complete, then the architectural inspiration will seek an alliance, and there will be undoubtedly a happy union.

To the right is the steeple of Trinity Church. For many a long year, with its 284 feet, this spire looked down on New York. But this supremacy no longer exists. The Mutual Life Building, with its remarkable upper structure, a new house on top of an old one, is in the lead of a whole clump of tall buildings, and then appears the spire of St. Paul's Church. The Havemeyer Building is so large that though its true frontage is nearer to the North River, it is conspicuous from the Brooklyn shore. Then follow the Postal Telegraph, the elegant Home Life Building, the New York *World* Building, and the New York tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. Taking it all together, this frontage represents something over a mile.

In looking at the lower print, New York on the North River side, it should be examined first from the extreme right. The circular low building is Castle Garden, and after that comes that little architectural aspiration the Barge Office. The first real structure of commercial importance is Washington Building; *vis-à-vis* to it is the Produce Exchange, with its tower. The Manhattan Life puts in appearance again, for it always will claim attention, and now it shows in better form. The Union Trust on Broadway comes out strongly, because there is nothing to screen it. Here is Trinity Church seen from the back. The Havemeyer Building, of vast proportion, asserts its presence. Then come the Western Union, St. Paul's Church, the New York Post-office, with its dome, in the past Mansard style. The New York *Times* and the *Tribune* are grouped together; and then comes the *World* Building, and across City Hall Park are the backs of the sanctums of the Postal Telegraph and the Home Life.

In a picturesque sense it might be said that the architectural display on the East River side surpasses that on the North River. This may arise from the fact that the distance on the East River is the better adapted for artistic effect.

One fact absolutely noticeable is that the "sky-scrapers" do not offend the eye in the least. Scattered in a fairly profuse manner along Broadway and on streets adjacent to it, those startling effects due to isolation no longer exist. We are getting to be more accustomed to the lofty structure, and so conventional ideas, born of what we are accustomed to look at, are being gradually modified.

These illustrations will serve their purpose as indicating what were precise structural conditions on the river frontages of the New York of August, 1894. But that there will be great changes before two years are over is positive. Many plans of structure of colossal size are being elaborated by architects, which will, before long, find their places in the lower business section of New York. Then buildings visible to-day will be masked, and the physiognomy of the river frontages be notably altered.

## THREE ODD SALVATION SOLDIERS.

THE meeting of Salvation Army forces which has just closed at Lake Bluff, a suburb of Chicago, was one of the largest and most successful ever held in the West, and was also noteworthy for the number of curious "soldiers" that attended. In addition to the usual number of reformed sinners from all classes of our society, there were several converts from foreign lands and races. The most notable of these were Tom-Ma-He-Kum, a converted Delaware Indian, who has adopted the name of Logan and the title of Doctor for use in civilization; Joseph Garabad, sometimes called Joe the Turk, a native of Constantinople, who has joined the ranks of the army; Lena Behrandt, the Hallelujah Midget; a converted Bohemian violinist; and two negro jubilee-singers—Lulu and Kate Jones. These people acted as attractions at the camp, and doubtless drew many persons into the tents to see and hear them.

Dr. Logan plays the violin, the Turk is an artist on the cornet, and the Midget can deal powerful blows on a tambourine. The three frequently sat on the platform together and led the singing of hymns by the congregation with their queer trio of musical instruments. Dr. Logan always dressed in buckskin clothing trimmed with feathers and beads, and the Turk never appeared otherwise than in his national costume, which, with its gold braid and trimmings and red fez, was decidedly conspicuous. Lena the Midget wore the conventional dark blue dress of the Salvation Army, with a little poke-bonnet trimmed with red ribbon.

At no place on the earth can one find such a polyglot gathering of worshippers as at a crowded meeting of the Salvation Army.

Whether the outsiders who become recruits continue to make good soldiers it is hard to find out, but when an especially picturesque specimen is regularly enlisted and is constant in his "duties," he or she is shoved to the front and becomes a drawing-card in a managerial sense.

THE INDIAN, THE MIDGET, AND THE TURK.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EVAN-HALL PLANTATION.

THE "QUARTERS," EVAN-HALL PLANTATION.

CUTTING SUGAR-CANE.

LOADING CANE-CARTS.

IN A CANE-SHED.

CANE-SHED, BELAIR PLANTATION.

SUGAR-SHEDS AND LOUISIANA REFINERY, NEW ORLEANS.

SUGAR-EXCHANGE, NEW ORLEANS.

SUGAR-MAKING IN LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 755.]

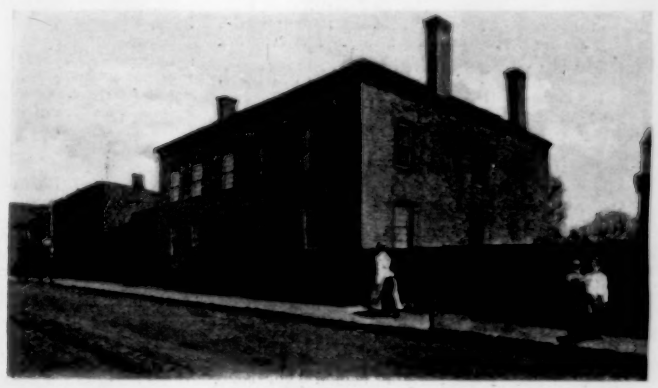
THE OLD JANSEN HOUSE.

THE LUCAS ELMANDORF HOUSE.

THE OLD KINGSTON ACADEMY.

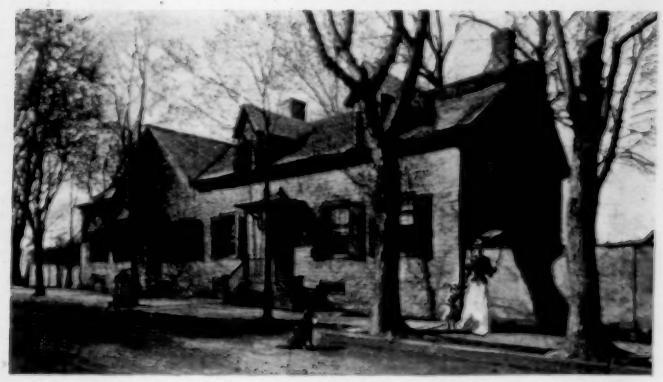
THE OLD VAN STEENBURGH HOUSE.

OLD COURT-HOUSE, WHERE THE CONSTITUTION WAS ADOPTED AND READ.

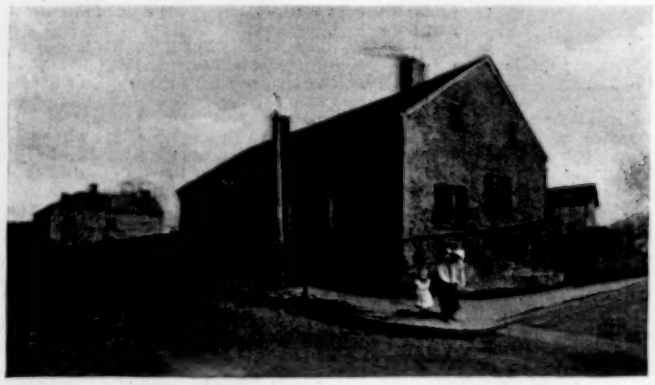


THE OLD DE WAAL TAVERN.

THE SENATE-HOUSE.



THE BROM HASBROUCK HOUSE.



THE HOFFMAN HOMESTEAD.

TAPPEN MANOR—FIRST EXECUTIVE MANSION.

THE OLD STATE BUILDINGS AT KINGSTON, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

# THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

### CHAPTER XVI.

DEFEAT.

HIS own boots preoccupied Matt's attention ere the new year dawned. Had "Four-Toes" continued going to Grainger's instead of letting his subscription lapse perforce with the Christmas quarter, he might have convinced the class that his toes were normal, for they had begun to peep out despite all his efforts to botch up the seams. The state of his wardrobe prevented him from looking up Herbert at his club, especially as he was doubtful whether the Travelling Studentship had not already carried his cousin off; and thus that mad night, which was a hot shame to sober memory, grew to seem an unreal nightmare, and Herbert as distant as ever.

From a long day's tramp in search of work, which grew more unlikely the more broken-down his appearance grew, he was shuffling listlessly homewards one damp, dismal night, when, in the neighborhood of Grainger's, he met William Gregson striding along with a frown on his forehead and a brown paper parcel in his hand.

"Hullo, Four-T—Strang!" he cried, pausing. "Don't see you any more."

"No," said Matt, wishing Gregson wouldn't see him now, and edging a little away from a street lamp.

"You don't want any boots?"

"No," said Matt, sticking his toes downwards to hide the gaps as far as possible.

"You won't forget I am at your service whatever you want," said the little stooping old man, with shining enthusiastic eyes. "It is a pleasure to work for a man with feet like yours. I was only thinkin' of you to-night at the studio; a scurvy wretch has been servin' me a shabby trick, and I was thinkin' to myself: Ah, Four—ah, Strang, there's a difference, now! Strang's a man and a brother artist. This bloke's a 'artless biped."

"Why, what did he do?"

"There's no need to go into details," said William Gregson, pathetically. "Suffice it to say, he refuses the boots. And here they are. A beautiful pair! Left on my hands! After I sat up half the night to finish 'em for him, trade's so brisk just now."

He unwrapped the package to expose their perfections.

"And what will you do with them?" said Matt.

"I'd like to put 'em on and kick him with 'em," replied Gregson, gloomily. "Only they're too small." Gregson's own feet were decidedly not beautiful.

"Yes; they seem more my size," agreed Matt.

"Will you have them?" cried the old man, eagerly. "Name your own price. Don't be afraid. I sha'n't ask more than last time."

But Matt shook his head. "I'm hard up," he confessed, blushing in the lamp-light.

"I'll trust you," was the fervid response.

"I'd never pay you," Matt protested. "Unless I could do something for you in return. If you want—" he hesitated, "your shop painted, or any wall-papering, or—or I could build you a counter, or—"

But the cobbler was shaking his head. "I don't want my shop painted; but 'ow if you painted me!" he cried, with an inspiration. "I've often tried to do it myself, but some'ow a angelic expression gets into it and the missus don't recognize it. Have you ever tried doin' your own portrait, Strang?"

"No, not seriously," said Matt.

"Well, you try, and see if you don't find it as I say. It's a curious thing how that angelic expression will creep in when a man's paintin' his own portrait. Besides, you can paint better than me. I don't say it behind your back, but—"

"Then it's a bargain?" interrupted Matt, anxiously.

"Yes. I can give you an hour every mornin', trade's so slack, unfortunately."

"May I take the boots with me?" inquired Matt.

"Yes, the moment the portrait's done," said Gregson, in generous accents.

"Are you afraid I'll walk off in 'em?" Matt cried, angrily. "And suppose they don't fit?"

"Ah, well, you may try them on," conceded Gregson. And with a curious repetition of a former episode, Matt slipped off his boot under a street lamp. The boots were a little tight, especially after the yawning laxness of the old, but it was heavenly to stamp on the wet pavement, and to feel a solid sole under one's foot, even though an oozy, sloppy stocking intervened.

Gregson perceived the ruin of the vacant boot, and his face grew stern.

"Keep it on, keep it on," he said, harshly. "You're an old customer."

"Oh, thank you!" ejaculated Matt.

"You can give me the old pair," he rejoined, gruffly.

"Oh, but they're past mending," said Matt.

"But they can help to mend other boots. They're like clergymen," said the little cobbler, laughing grimly. "Nothing is ever wasted in this world."

Matt was thinking so too, though from a different point of view. He was grateful to the economical order of the universe.

The boots reinvigorated the pilgrim on his way to the ever-receding Mecca of employment, and each day he sallied forth, further refreshed by the bread and butter and tea which the cobbler's spouse dispensed after the sittings. All over London he tramped looking for work, and finding only suggestions for pictures. One day he wandered in hopes of a job among the docks of Rotherhithe, feeling a vague romance in the great gray perspectives of towering wood-stacks with their far-away flavor of exotic forests, and the sombre canals and locks along which men with cordwain faces were tugging discolored barges. The desolation of the scene and of the district was akin to his mood; his eyes were full of delicious hopeless tears; he rambled on, forgetting to ask for the job, through the forlorn streets, all ship-chandlers' shops and one-story cottages; and threading a narrow passage strewn with lounging louts, found himself on a little floating pier on the bank of the river, and lost himself again in contemplating the grimy picturesque traffic, the bleak wharves and warehouses.

"You see that air barge with the brick-dust sails?"

Matt started; an aged gentleman with a rusty silk hat was addressing him.

"Well, t'other day I see one just like that capsize in calm weather under my very eyes. I come here every day, after dinner, to watch the water, and I do get something worth seein' sometimes. The pier-master he told me it was loaded with road-slop, and road-slop's alive—shifts the weight on the lurchin' side, you see, and that's 'ow it occurred. There was two men drowned—oh, it's worth while comin' here sometimes, I can tell you. You see that green flag off the buoy—that's where she lays, right in the fairway of the river."

Here the aged gentleman snuffed himself with tremulous fingers that spilt half, and offered Matt the box. The young man took a pinch for exhilaration.

A strayed sparrow hopped dolefully amid the grains of snuff on the floating platform in futile quest of seeds.

"It would be 'appier stuffed," the aged gentleman declared. "I mean, with tow, not toke." And he laughed wheezingly.

Matt contesting this, the aged gentleman maintained, with an air of deep philosophy, that all birds would be 'appier stuffed, that their life in a state of nature was a harrowing competition for crumbs and worms, while to keep them alive in cages was the climax of cruelty.

It subsequently transpired that he was a retired bird-stuffer, and the conversation ended in Matt's accompanying him home to learn the process, as the bird-stuffer's son and heir in far-off Stepney was in need of a trustworthy hand in the shop.

"There isn't a honest 'art in the trade," he said, gloomily, "and the boys are wuss than the men. They ought to be stuffed. What I like about you is that you've got no character. The better the character the wuss the man. They takes advantage of it."

Arrived at his house, which was more pretentious than most of its one-story neighbors, for it had a basement sublet to a blind woman whose insignia read, "Chairs neatly caned on reasonable terms," and its parlor window was gay with wax fruits and stuffed birds, the aged gentleman, who gave the name of Ground, discovered that he had no skin to operate on, and being spent from the walk, directed Matt to buy a dead canary for sixpence from a bird-fancier "in the Eye Road."

"There's the tanner," he said. "Now if you don't come back with the bird you may stuff me for a old goose."

Matt came back with the bird, but the aged gentleman put it to his nose and contorted his aged snuff-colored nostrils.

"I want a bird, not manure," he said. "A bird fresh from this vale of tears. Why, if I began to skin this the feathers 'ould drop out. You've been took in, but you haven't took *me* in, so here's another tanner."

In great anxiety Matt stood outside the bird-fancier's shop window, staring wistfully at the frowzy-looking birds roosting in the cages, and hoping that some kindly canary would drop off to eternal sleep under his very nose, so that he might be sure of its freshness. But the poor little creatures all clung to existence and their perches. Suddenly he began to laugh. There was an owl in a cage, and it looked like Cornpepper. On its head was an erectile tuft like Cornpepper's hair after argument, and though devoid of an eye-glass, the creature regarded him from its great feather-fringed eyes with the same large profound gaze.

"Give me style," he heard it saying—"give me style!" And then he thought of Cornpepper's theories, of which he had heard more on that glad mad night when the juvenile celebrity had been his partner in the waltz.

"Burne-Smith is all wrong," Cornpepper pronounced, testily. "But I don't want to talk shop to-night. Imagination is shown in treatment, not in subject. There may be more imagination in the painting of a dressing-gown than of an allegory. Painters are called poets when they can't paint. And the *Spectator* is quite at sea when it claims me as the champion of modern subject against ancient, mediæval, or imaginary. Subject indeed! What I demand is modern *treatment*. I do wish O'Brien would leave off interpreting me."

And Matt Strang fell into a reverie, wondering what he should paint for the Academy, and gazing into the owl's eyes. What if he were destined to waltz to fame in company with Cornpepper! A gallery of beautiful dream-pictures passed before his eyes like a panorama. A brusque tap on the shoulder roused him from his day-dream, and turning, he saw the animated face of the aged gentleman beneath the rusty silk hat.

"Where's the bloomin' bird?" cried Mr. Ground, relieved to find Matt not run off, for during the suspense of waiting it had struck him that even the first bird might have been picked up in the gutter.

"The bird," Matt murmured, dazedly. "Oh, ah! I was waiting for one to die. I wanted to be sure it was—new."

"With my little eye, I sore 'im die," quoted the aged gentleman, mockingly. "'Ere, give us the cash; you're a juggins. But I suppose folks can't be honest and clever too."

He took the sixpence and went inside, and re-emerged with what he called a "new-laid" linnet, and returning to his parlor, skinned it and smeared the skin with arsenical soap, which he manufactured on the spot out of common yellow soap, beaten up into a batter with water, white arsenic, and some drops of toothache mixture he had in a phial. He stuffed the skin with the cotton-wool in which the phial was embedded, and ran a wire right through from mouth to tail, with half a hair-pin for each leg and each wing.

"I'm out of eyes," he said, pausing. "But in them sockets you sticks glass eyes; they're so much a dozen accordin' to size. See?"

Matt's aptitude as a pupil regained him the aged gentleman's esteem, and a day or so after the oddly assorted couple sailed down the Thames on a penny steamboat, and walked from Blackwall to Stepney, where Matt was introduced to the bird-stuffer's son, a fat, greasy, hilarious man, who told his father that he was "A old innercent," and facetiously argued out the probabilities of Matt's honesty in Matt's presence. Ultimately Ground junior took the young man on a week's trial. The trial going in Matt's favor, he was installed permanently in the establishment at eighteen shillings a week, fulfilling miscellaneous functions, the most troublesome of which was the superintendence of a snub-nosed errand-boy who played excruciatingly on a penny whistle. This boy, whose name was Tommy, and who reminded Matt queerly of his ancient Indian chum by his dishonesty as well as by his name, would calmly return with bare pedestals, where there had been birds and shades, and assert that he had smashed the glass and that thieves in the crowd had torn off the birds. He did not flinch from smashing whole nests of glass shades, two dozen inside one another—a veritable Napoleon among errand-boys. Sometimes, when he had been out with the barrow delivering orders, he would wheel it home laden with mysterious coats and boots, which he vainly offered Matt on easy terms. At irregular intervals, too, he fell ill, a note from his mother arriving in his handwriting differently sloped, and then Matt was reduced to trundling the barrow himself, while the fat facetious man, summoned from the workshop over the shop, or from his other establishment in the New Club, where his wiry vixen of a wife had her headquarters, replaced him behind the counter. Matt had also spells of mechanical occupation in the workshop. He not only stuffed the skins (which came from abroad), but arranged baskets of wax fruit (which were bought ready-made) and paper flowers, and cases of shells with moss and sea-weeds and pyramids of pebbles. And he made mock red coral out of balls of brown paper dipped into a hot composition of beeswax and rosin, and stuck it on wooden stands with many-hued shells variegating it and preserved insects creeping prettily over it; likewise he manufactured wax flowers to replace breakages—hollow frauds, mere wax shells pounced with dry colors, or mixed originally with coloring matter—yellow ochre making apples, and lake lending transparency to cherries, or uniting with Prussian blue to furnish the florid richness of purple grapes.

But though, as ever, his task-work hovered oddly about the purlieus of Art, or the vaults of its Temple, and though his eighteen shillings a week enabled him to send nine shillings a week home in monthly instalments to Abner Preep, still he was not happy. The difficulties with the errand-boy, the fat facetiousness of Ground junior, the menial trundling of the barrow, with the dread of some day meeting "Bubbles" or other fellows from Grainger's, to say nothing of Cornpepper, Greme, Rapper, or the Old Gentleman; the retail trade over the counter; the biweekly task of cleaning all the shades with a chamois leather—all this, combined with the sense of wasted months, galled and fretted him. He was working at his Academy picture now—in accordance with his promise to Herbert—but his hours being from eight to eight, Sunday was his only leisure time, and he was paradoxically grateful for the ancient Oriental ordinance which made the godless British bird-stuffer close his shop once a week, and thus enable him to work. He was able to do some of the preliminary sketching-out in the early morning and at night, but there was no light for the real work, nor was there much light in his back bedroom even at noon on Sundays.

He had not changed his address, though he had to walk three miles to and from his work, kept to his old lodging by habit, and the trust that his landlady—an artist's mother—would not hastily throw him upon the streets. The subject of his picture had grown upon him from his daily occupation; the simulated bird life around him moved him at moments to thoughts of the joyous winged creatures butchered to make a parlor ornament. He could not agree with Ground senior that they were happier stuffed. And then, too, the pathos of prisoned birds would overwhelm him; exiled from their natural woodland home and set to peck endlessly at wires. His own lot and theirs became subtly interlinked, and his imagination turning from the sordid prose of the actual world in which he found himself brooded on visions of poetry and idyllic happiness, and so instead of selecting from reality that which was beautiful in it, instead of following Cornpepper's theories, or his own theories, or anybody's theories, he found himself irresistibly and instinctively seized and possessed by a subject and a mode of treatment uncompromisingly imaginative—"The Paradise of the Birds"—a beautiful wood, suffused with a magic sunlight, in which the freed birds of every species fluttered blithely around a divine female figure with a wondrous radiance of love and joy upon her welcoming face, and at her feet a beautiful boy playing upon an oaten pipe. There was an undertone of tender pathos—the pathos of birds—but light and joy was the essence of this harmony of lovely forms and colors; all the painter's semi-yearning for happiness, all his revolt against his narrow squalid lot, his secret resentful sense of the high place denied him at the banquet of life, reflecting themselves, inverted, in the mirror of his art. And over all was

> "The gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

For the woodland, Matt drew on his recollections of Acadia, supplemented by a few water-color studies made in Epping Forest, which was within difficult walking distance of the bird-shop, from which, of course, he got his birds. The divine female figure was based upon his first study from the nude at Grainger's, which he still possessed, though he now gave the woman the normal allowance of toes; whilst by the aid of coppers he bribed the snub-nosed apprentice with his penny whistle to sit for the cherub with the oaten reed. And thus was Nature transfigured to Art.

From dawn to sunset Matt painted tirelessly during his one working-day, convinced that the Academy was now his only avenue to recognition, and as sending-in day drew nearer, and the precious light was born earlier, he was able to snatch an hour or two every morning before setting out for Stepney; towards the end the need of time drove him to the omnibus.

Nor was it only the need of time. Of late a strange languor had grown upon him against which he was incessantly battling. The image in his strip of glass frightened him, his face was white, his once sturdy frame thin, and so feeble was he become that the three-mile walk, which had been rather a pleasure than an inconvenience, was now a weary endless drag. He had bilious headaches. But he toiled on at his picture, finding in the fairy-land of imagination consolation for existence, and in the anxieties and agonies of artistic travail an antidote to the agonies and anxieties of the daily grind. Through the sordid life of Stepney and Whitechapel he moved, sustained by an inner vision of beauty, and it was not till he had surreptitiously wheeled his picture to Burlington House in the bird-stuffer's barrow, at the price of a reprimand for idling about, that his will-power gave way, and he realized that he was but a limp shadow. Hope kept him on his feet a little longer, but the terrifying symptoms developed rapidly, and at last even Ground junior perceived his condition, and allowed him a morning's leave to attend a hospital. For two and a half hours he waited on one of the bare benches of a cheerless dim-lit anteroom, amid a grimy crowd of invalids, ranging from decrepit bandaged old men to wan-faced children,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

all coughing and groaning and conversing fatuously, and ostentatiously comparing complaints, and generally fading away tediously two by two into the presence of the physician. At last his own turn came, announced by the sharp ting of a hand-bell, and preceded by a rheumy-eyed stone-mason, he passed through the polished, awe-inspiring portal, and found himself in the presence of an austere gentleman with frosty side whiskers.

"What's the matter with you, my man?" the doctor inquired in low tones of the stone-mason.

"All outer sorts," replied the stone-mason.

"Ah! Any special pain anywhere?" he went on in the same dulcet accents.

"Eh?" asked the stone-mason, hearing imperfectly in his fluster.

The doctor shouted in a mighty yell, "Any special pain anywhere?"

The appalled stone-mason admitted to a stitch in the side, and the doctor continued his interrogative thunders. He had only two conversational methods—the piano and the fortissimo.

Matt, trembling, awaited his succession to the criminal dock, and straining his ears when the trying moment came, was fortunate enough to secure the piano treatment.

"Your blood is poisoned," was the great man's verdict. "This is the third case I have had from bird-stuffing establishments. When you clean the glass shades and breathe on the insides, you imbibe the arsenical and other foul gases that are given off by the skins and collect inside the air-tight glasses. You will take the medicine three times a day, but it won't do you any good if you go on living in that atmosphere. You want sea air. You ought to try and get into the country and have a little holiday."

And Matt Strang, dazed but smiling grimly, crawled down into the dispensary and handed in his prescription and tottered back to the bird-shop with a big bottle of yellow fluid in his hand. He would not let himself think; there was only one point of light—his Academy picture—and he kept his eyes fixed on that as on a star.

A few days later the notice of rejection arrived, and the thin, sickly faced young man, being out with orders, surreptitiously wheeled "The Paradise of the Birds" home on his bar-ow, and discounted the renewed wrath of his employer by giving a week's notice. He did his work as usual that afternoon, but when he got home he fell helplessly upon his little iron bed and wept like a child.

He was beaten, broken, shattered in body and soul. He had fought and lost! And as an ailing child turns yearningly to its mother, so his heart yearned to his native land in a great surge of homesickness. Here the narrow labyrinthine streets were muddy with spring rains, but there the snow would still be on the fields and forests, white and pure and beautiful under the dazzling blue sky. Oh, the keen tingling cold, the large embrace of the salt breezes, the joy of skating over the frozen flats! His poor poisoned blood glowed at the thought. Here he was ill and lonely, there he would be among loving faces. Poor Billy! How the boy must long for him! It would be humiliating to return a failure, but there would be none to reproach him, and his own pride was gone, vanished with his physical strength. But how to get back! He was too ill to go before the mast, too impoverished to command even the steerage. He had unfortunately sent a couple of pounds home just before the rejection of his picture, and he was again in arrears of rent through the extra expense of the canvas and the gold frame. Mrs. Lipchild was induced by the gold frame to take "The Paradise of the Birds" in payment for the three weeks (lunar), and the "carver and gilder, overmantel and picture-frame maker" in Red Lion Street, who had made the frame, purchased all his remaining pictures. There was nothing for it but to borrow. So feeble was his whole being that the first suggestion of this ignominy carried no sting. He thought first of Herbert, and brushing his garments to a threadbare specklessness, inquired of his club doorkeeper, who informed him curtly that Mr. Strang was abroad. This was as he expected, but he was disappointed. Tarmigan was his only other friend, but him he had lost sight of since Christmas, and though he had in these hours of weakness abandoned the hope of art, he had still a vague paradoxical aversion from applying to a man whose artistic ideal he did not share, and who might hereafter have a sort of right to resent his departure from them. Besides, Tarmigan was poor, was unsuccessful. In his desperation he thought of Madam Strang, and though, in the course of their chat that night at the Students' Club Herbert had told him the Old Gentleman had given her an awful wigging, and that she had renewed her spontaneous promise to close her door in the culprit's face, yet Matt nerved himself to risk insult. So, spying the shop from a sheltered doorway across the street, he hung about till the Vandyck beard and the velvet jacket had issued and disappeared round a corner, then he rang the bell of the side door, and to his joy madam herself opened it.

"My poor boy! What is the matter with you?" she cried.

The unexpected sympathy of her words clouded the lonely young man's gaze with hot tears; he staggered into the passage; and madam, growing pale herself, took him by the arm and helped him into the sitting-room, and in her agitation poured him out a whole tumblerful of brandy, which he fortunately only sipped.

A little recovered, he explained—improving his pallid complexion with blushes when he came to the point—that he was returning to Nova Scotia, as the doctor had ordered him a sea-voyage, and he wanted four or five pounds till he got to the other side, when he would easily be able to repay the loan.

"Certainly, my poor boy, certainly," said madam. "The idea of clever people having no money, and people like me having plenty."

She ran up stairs, and returned with ten of the sovereigns which she had, literally, in her stocking.

But Matt would not take more than five. He felt it foolish to burden himself with superfluous temptations.

"I knew you weren't a rogue!" cried madam, in thoughtless triumph. The sentiment reminding her of the interrogative eyebrows, she added, hastily: "Of course you won't tell my husband. Not that he would mind, of course, for I am helping you to leave the country. But, oh, how I wish you had come to me instead of to Herbert! The dear boy has such hard work and so few pleasures, and his allowance is so small that his father was naturally annoyed to think of your making the poor boy stint himself. Of course I made it up to Herbert, unbeknown to his father, who would only return him a little of the money you borrowed. Promise me you will not apply to Herbert again. You know it is so expensive living in Paris!"

"I promise," Matt murmured, hardly conscious of what madam was saying, his soul already in Nova Scotia, and dissolved in tenderness and gratitude. The prospect of leaving London was as delightful as the prospect of coming to it had been not eighteen months ago.

Ere he bade her farewell, madam made him promise to come and see her when he was back in London again, hoped the voyage would do him good, and scolded him for never having shown her his pictures.

"I am sure you will be a great artist," she said, smiling winsomely. "You have the artistic hand. God bless you!"

The young man listened, unmoved; he was hoping the ice would bear till he arrived in Cobequid Village.

And so, with all his worldly goods, including the unsaleable "Angelus," packed in the smallest of sachels, Matt Strang sailed back across the Atlantic, the blood clogged in his veins, an unregarded unit of the countless myriads that London has allured and scorched.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


## AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

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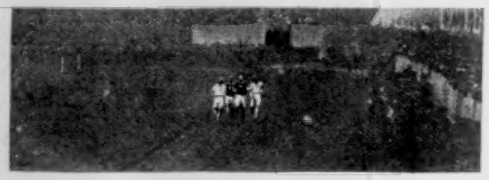
SCENE ON QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS, JULY 16, 1894.

## OXFORD-YALE ATHLETIC MEETING.

BY ONE OF THE JUDGES.

MESSRS. C. HERBERT, C. L. Lockton, S. K. Holman, and C. N. Jackson held a consultation at the Queen's Club on the Saturday preceding the sports, when the final arrangements were settled as to measurements, the various track details, and the order of the programme. The hurdle-course was most carefully inspected, and every defect in the turf noted and marked for alteration. The track was in perfect order, and the ground looked its very best. A slight fall of rain took place on the Sunday, but a red sunrise on Monday morning looked anything but promising for a fine day, and before 10 A.M. rain began to fall, and a regular down-



QUARTER MILE—ABOUT HALF WAY
Sykes, Pond, Sanford, Jordan.

pour followed, which continued until 4 P.M.—half an hour before the time fixed for the first event—when the deluge ceased and no more rain fell, although heavy drifting clouds seemed every moment to threaten a repetition of the morning's soaking. Considering the wet, both the turf and cinder path were in capital order, although, of course, both were rather dead and heavy and against fast time. A rather strong breeze sprung up after the rain, blowing dead against the sprinters from behind the racquet-court members' stand. The competitors drew for stations and order of jumping, etc., either with Mr. H. Beardsell or Mr. C. Herbert. Strange to say, Yale each time drew first choice. The men came out for the hundred within five minutes of the programme time; and although he won the draw, the Yale men did not select the pick of the stations, Fry taking the inside berth under the stand "B," which gave him whatever shelter there was from the strong southwesterly wind

LONG JUMP—FRY STARTING TO RUN.

then blowing. Sanford next the turf had certainly the pick of the track surface, but the least sheltered position. All got away together; but Fry went in front at once, and was never caught. Sanford seemed to rush up nearly to his shoulder at the half distance, but fell back directly afterwards; and although Jordan, very slow for the first half of the distance, came with a rare burst at the finish, Fry won by a foot from the Oxford first string, reversing the positions of the Oxford and Cambridge sprint placings in March. Sanford was very slow nearing the tape, and lost second place. The win was a long foot, and the distance between second and third a short half-yard. By request of the Yale captain the hammer came next, instead of the weight. Mr. Herbert, on discovering that the four hammers brought to the circles had not been weighed, directed the two stewards, Messrs. C. N. Jackson and C. H. Sherrill, to pass the heads at the scale. This made a long delay, two of the four hammers not being correct weight, and the time lost here was never made up. Hickok had about half a dozen practice throws—all of which were "no throws," indicating the ultimate results of his efforts. The Yale 7 foot circle included the chalk line; the Oxford 30-foot circle was inside the chalk mark. Mr. Herbert judged at the circles. Brown led off, and keeping well within his ground, threw 104 ft., which he again exactly equalled with his last throw. Robertson's first, 101 ft. 10 in., was his best. Hickok's first three were "no throws," although he protested strongly that his second was all right, until the referee confirmed the judge. Hickok's last and winning throw of 110 ft. 5 in. was also open to question, his right foot certainly once touching the ground outside the circle before the *hammer left his* hand. As Yale by the aid of Brown had already won the event, and the American rules on the point were not quite understood by the English officials, or, indeed, by Mr. Van Ingen, on appeal to him the throw was not questioned. The hurdles were run in a strong side wind. Cady certainly selected the best piece of turf, got well away, and led by about half a yard to the fifth hurdle, the others being in an exact line. Cady then seemed to get out of his stride. He managed his sixth hurdle still in front; a frantic jump carried him over the seventh leading still; but the other three were close up to him now, and the pegged-down hurdle could not be hit without certain disaster. Another desperate leap for the eighth obstacle took Cady well over, but his knee doubled under him and he rolled over on his back. Oakley then forced himself in front, and won a grand race by two feet.

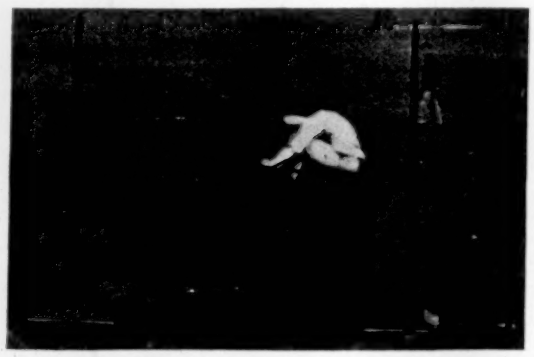
The one-mile was an easy win for Greenhow, the Oxford crack. The Yale second string, Woodhull, reserved himself for the half-mile, and Morgan's stride was too short and his condition too incomplete to compete with the taller, long-striding Oxonian. Hildyard, a Henley-Eton eight boy of 1893, came straightway from rowing stroke of the University College four at Henley in the week previous. He ran a trial at the Queen's Club on the Saturday previous to the event itself of one lap in 1 min. 16 sec., and was at once selected by Messrs. Jackson, Fry, and Herbert to make the pace for Greenhow. This he did for a lap and a bit, but then Greenhow went ahead, and won as he liked from Morgan. The time, 4 min. 24⅘ sec., could have been bettered at least two seconds if the half-mile had not been in the calculation.

The long jump was generally considered the most open of all the competitions by those qualified to judge. Fry was known to be very unlikely to equal his record, owing to want of practice, and Sheldon had well beaten 23 ft. in a jump at Oxford in the previous week. The English and American methods of measurement were also on trial. Hatch was outclassed in this event, 20 ft. 4 in. being his best. Oakley led off with 22 ft. ⅝ in., and beat this at his fourth jump with 22 ft. 1½ in. Sheldon twice cleared 22 ft. 1¼ in., and the final four jumps saw Oxford leading by ½ in. when Oakley had opened the round. Hatch unfortunately muddled his rise, and Fry, having miscalculated his distance, landed his heel spike on the wood bar take-off, split it to ribbons, and tumbled into the pit to a "no jump," and then Sheldon had the honor of Yale on his efforts. He made a magnificent leap, cleared 22 ft. 11 in., and won. The Yale stewards at once brought the steel tape into play, and measuring according to their method, to the first break of the ground, and not the heel marks, as in the Oxford and Cambridge competitions, put the jump at 22 ft. 9½ in.

The quarter-mile was a splendid exhibition of pace and judgment. Sykes, with pace-making orders, led out, followed by Sanford, Jordan third, this being the order round the first bend. Along the B stand and Yale section, Sanford, amidst tremendous cheers, went in front and rounded the straight for the tape a couple of yards in front, Jordan at his heels. The latter was running strictly to orders, he being most carefully instructed not to bring his superior pace into play until he came with one run in the last "century." This he did, caught Sanford eighty yards from the finish, and well beat him all out himself by two yards, rather less between second and third.

The Americans, with their 7-foot circle and barrier of wood in the front part, simply smothered the Oxonians in their 10-foot square. As a scientific exhibition of long practice from a cramped position, the Yale weight-putting was interesting and effective, but would never equal an A. A. A. 9-foot square champion weight-putter of the very highest class.

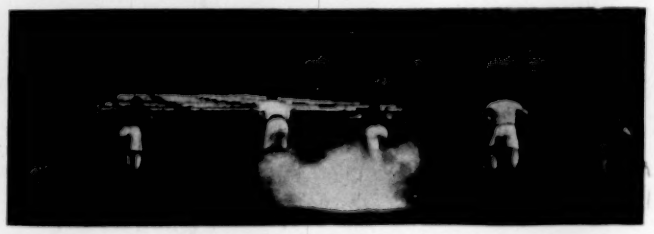
The high jump was chiefly interesting from its closeness. The take-off was from a dip in the path, and the run not nearly long enough. Eventually Swanwick and Sheldon were left in at 5 ft. 8¾ in., Swanwick only at his third attempt having cleared 5 ft. 7¾ in. Both failed at 5 ft. 9¾ in. Swanwick having after the last jump requested a change of position for the standard uprights, Mr. Sherrill, for Yale, at once protested, an absolutely unnecessary effort on his part, as the judges and referee would, of course never have allowed such a thing for a moment. The hoisting of



E. D. SWANWICK MAKING HIS LAST AND BEST JUMP.

the American and English flags together was the signal for a tremendous outburst of applause. With England's victory or tie now assured, the half-mile was looked forward to with, if anything, more interest than ever. Woodhull, entirely fresh, had to meet Greenhow with a fast mile out of him, and Rathbone on trial proving quite as good as Greenhow, took on Morgan the miler. This race, on paper, was the only running event booked a certainty for Yale. The Yankees led for a quarter of a mile, and then Greenhow went ahead, looking none the worse for his mile. Woodhull then made his effort too soon, and forcing the pace, led into the straight by a couple of yards—140 yards from the finish. Rathbone then spurted in front, followed by Greenhow. Thirty yards from home Greenhow raced up to Rathbone's shoulder, and the pair ran home locked together, a rush in to the tape giving the verdict to Greenhow by six inches, Woodhull three yards away, amidst general and tremendous applause.

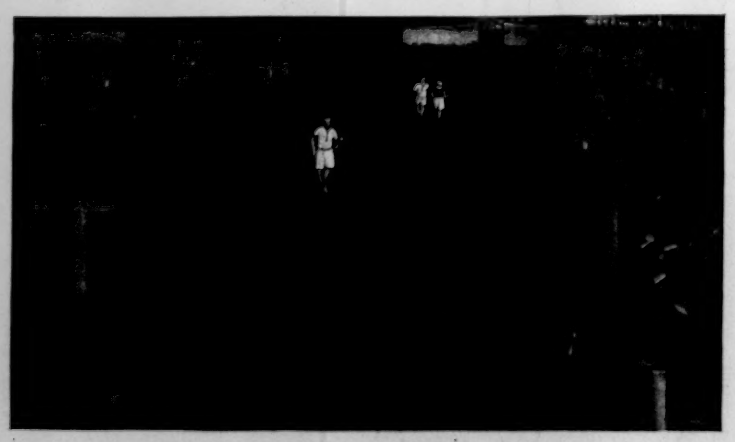
The result of the sports was clearly a triumph of English



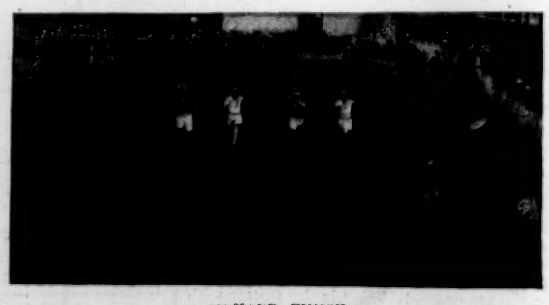
START OF THE HURDLES
Hatch, Scott, Cady, Oakley.

training methods in England over those of America. The Yale men coming over here, after their week's voyage, did really no hard work at their special distances for another two weeks. Three weeks' practical idleness could not be expected to hold its own against three weeks' hard and continuous training, and in every running event the American failed when the pinch came, and condition told its inevitable tale. On paper the Yale men in the running events—excepting the mile—were as good but no better than the Oxonians. The latter, being already down fine, trained hard for three weeks before the day, and had good substantial basis to train on; the Yale team did nothing to speak of during that period. The result was therefore a foregone conclusion for condition and a sound preparation, and Oxford's victory was by no means a surprise for any one who had the slightest knowledge of the first principles of athletic training in England. In America, however, a different system may be necessary.

C. HERBERT, Hon. Sec. A.A.A.



SECOND LAP OF MILE RUN.
Greenhow, Hildyard, Morgan.



100-YARD FINISH.
Sanford, Oakley, Pond, Fry.

# AMATEVR SPORT

THE NORTHWESTERN ROWING REGATTA, held at Detroit on the 27th and 28th of July, was a very fair index of the general athletic depression which has settled upon the country in the last couple of years, as the direct result of artificial propagation and unwholesome tendencies.

With one or two exceptions every race was won more or less easily, and those were a struggle in the senior fours and in the four-oared gig, both of which went to Detroit.

The form of the crews, as a rule, was not very excellent, the Argonaut entries showing better than any other. Individually there were some good specimens, however, scattered throughout the different boats—as, for instance, E. A. Thompson in the senior Argonaut sculls, Charles McQuewan in the Grand Rapids double sculls, and Standish and Lyon in the Detroit four.

BURLINGTON (IOWA) BOAT CLUB.

The entries were few, and, it must be confessed, the contests generally lacked exciting finishes.

Of competitive sports boating appears to have suffered least from the universal contagion, due largely to the sportsmanship of the governing class of members in most boat clubs, and also, I am sorry to say, to the fact that rowing, unlike baseball, football, and track athletics, attracts no gate to tempt the weak and gratify the vicious. Let us be thankful for that much, since it has been the means of preserving the sport freer than others from the professional taint.

Boating, generally speaking, has not prospered in the last ten years in any degree equal to the sport it furnishes or the benefits it bestows upon its devotees. A dozen years ago in the middle West it seemed on the verge of a healthful prosperity that would carry it beyond all handicaps, but the spirit appeared to die away, and clubs to go out of existence, particularly on the Lakes. Of all the clubs Detroit formerly had, the number has now dwindled to two that cut any figure in boating circles. At Lansing, where some of the best crews in the West once had their home, boating is almost dead. At Grand Rapids the number of clubs is greatly diminished. At Munroe, where there used to be an enthusiastic boating spirit, not one club is now maintained. At Toledo, Sandusky, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Chicago there is nothing like the rowing the exceptional facilities should tempt.

THERE IS THE ONE CONSOLING FEATURE, however, that while the number of clubs has diminished, the aggregate of oarsmen is probably greater than it was in the palmiest days of yore. The decrease in clubs is generally explained by the creation, in different centres, of one large organization which has acted as a magnet to ambitious oarsmen. In the old days clubs were all on about an equal footing—every man paid his own entrance fees to races, and no club entertained for an instant the idea of a training table.

Reliefve's Boat Studio, Com. M. B. Mills.

START OF SENIOR FOURS.

The last few years of pernicious athletic activity has evolved the training table, with all its accompanying ills, and its propensity for crushing out of existence smaller clubs that cannot afford such luxuries. The present athletic era, in fact, may be said to be a very important one, and the sportsmanship of the country is undergoing a crucial test. We are in that precise condition which in agricultural parlance is described as between hay and grass. We have had our athletic "boom," and short-sighted club governors and men with no claims to sportsmanship have "boomed" us into decay and despair. At present the country is resting after the storm; sportsmen are living out their disgust, and, thank Heaven, there is not money enough to be made out of athletics just now for boomers to renew their attention. If now sportsmen will unite, and, when the revivification sets in, insist on its going forward on good, clean, honest, sportsmanlike lines, there is no reason why in a couple of years we should not reach a plane beyond any that has yet been attained.

Nor is boating the only sport that has suffered. Track athletics are literally in a moribund condition, whereas but a couple of years ago they were enjoying healthful if not altogether vigorous life. The splendid team of Detroit Athletic Club athletes—absolutely the most consistently amateur set of men that ever wore a club emblem—formed a nucleus in that part of the country about which grew up a number of clubs that created and nourished the budding athletic spirit.

For a time athletics were as wholesome as sportsmen could wish, but with the retirement of Frank W. Eddy from the presidency, the D. A. C. fell from the standard it had always been its pride to maintain. Professional baseball men were elected to important offices, professional methods developed in the baseball nine, and the old class of athletes—the amateurs—withdrew their interest.

St. Louis likewise had its boom, and the introduction of unwholesome methods led as inevitably to its decay. Chicago seems to be about the only city in the middle West that has maintained athletic life. The Chicago Athletic Association started out somewhat on the wrong track, but shortly righted its course, and has preserved a pretty straight one ever since. It really seems that all these examples would convince the governors of clubs of there being but the one possible basis on which to prosper—honesty—the winning policy in sport as well as in business.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY APPRECIATED just how much boating is done in the West. The Northwestern Association, the principal one, has a membership roll which includes the Detroit, Minnesota, Grand Rapids, Argonaut, Toronto, and Delaware clubs, the most important in the northern section of the middle West. Besides there is the Minnesota and Winnipeg Association, composed of the Minnesota, Winnipeg, Duluth, and Lurline boat clubs, whose regattas are held on Lake Minnetonka, about twenty miles from Minneapolis, and reached by three lines of railroads.

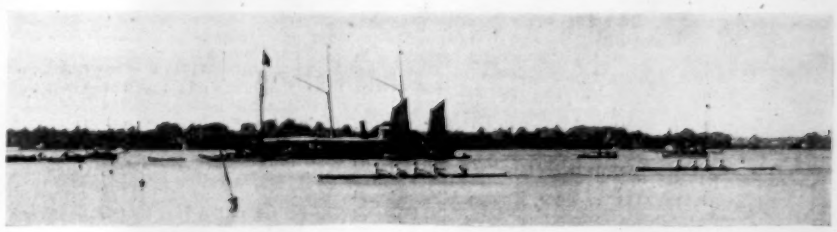
Then again there is the Mississippi Valley Association, which draws its membership entirely from the clubs situated along that mighty river. It was organized at Madison, Wisconsin, in the autumn of '87, by the younger generation, many of them students and graduates from Eastern colleges, who had returned to their Western homes with the wholesome enthusiasm. These formed their little clubs for the sake of healthful exercise, as well as for the sport, and an association was a natural result.

A pretty fair idea of the amount of rowing in this section of the West may be had by a glance over the membership of this association, which includes the following clubs: Modoc, Excelsior, Western (St. Louis); Farragut, Delaware, Iroquois, Ogden (Chicago); Minnesota (St. Paul); Burlington, Keokuk, Davenport, Cedar Rapids, Ottumwa, Wapsippinicon (Clinton), Dalton (McGregor, Iowa); Riverdale, Dixon, Evanston, Pullman, Aurora, Sylvan (Moline, Illinois); Madison, Mitchell, Milwaukee (Wisconsin); Lurline (Minneapolis); St. Louis, St. John's, Racine, West End, Perseverance (New Orleans); Excelsior, Columbia (Detroit); Little Rock (Arkansas); Omaha (Nebraska); and Galveston (Texas).

The first regatta of this association was held on Peoria Lake in '78, and it has shown every desire throughout its history to further the sport among amateurs. While it does not make its presence felt in the national racing, nevertheless it has created a widespread rowing spirit in its country; and this, after all, is what we want.

The class of men that is making the best oarsmen in the West to-day is the young business and professional men, who look as much to its health-giving as to its sport-furnishing properties. So long as this spirit pervades the minds and stimulates the energies of the young athletes of the West, the destiny of amateur sport will be in safe hands.

The Canadian shore is lined with boat clubs, and I am not taking any of these into consideration in this writing, except to mention on the splendid material of the Argonaut Club, and the very large rowing interest at Toronto.



FINISH FOUR-OARED GIG-RACE—DETROIT WINNING, DELAWARE SECOND.

MINNESOTA BOAT CLUB, RASPBERRY ISLAND.

Undoubtedly the two most important clubs in the West are the Detroit and the Minnesota, the former being the oldest in the United States. The Yale Boat Club is popularly believed to have that honor by its establishment in '43, but the Detroit Club was organized on February 18, 1839, and three of its founders still live to answer the club's roll-call. Its membership has always been of the very best, and its sporting tone the highest. In years gone by it was, it might almost be said, the mentor of Western rowing (it inaugurated boat-racing in the West by a 2-mile race on the Detroit River, 1842), and if their crews did not always win, they were at least invariably composed of amateurs. Few oarsmen have achieved more aquatic triumphs than the Detroit's champion pair, Messrs. F. D. Standish and F. A. Lyon.

The boat-house is very handsome, beautifully situated at Belle Isle, on the Detroit River; its navy numbers about 60, with some two dozen canoes, and the pleasure of boating is given its members to a degree not offered by any other in the country.

THE ROWING HISTORY OF ST. PAUL began somewhere about the year '69, when the first rowing shell was brought,

GRAND RAPIDS BOAT CLUB.

*viâ* New Orleans and the Mississippi River, by Charles T. Corning. Mr. Corning was an enthusiast, and a well-known amateur sculler of his day, and organized the Minnesota Boat Club in 1870.

Unlike Detroit, where the course is most placid and beautiful, the rapid current of the Mississippi at St. Paul, upon which the rowing is done, prevents mere pleasure boating, and in consequence the club has always devoted its energies to racing pure and simple, a devotion that has been rewarded by floating some very fast crews.

DETROIT BOAT CLUB, BELLE ISLE.

START IN FOUR-OARED GIG-RACE.

The Grand Rapids Boat Club is an organization of more recent date. It really, under its present name, did not come into existence until '93, when it sprung from the remains of the Owashtanong Club. The latter was organized in '86, and built the handsome club-house to which the Grand Rapids has fallen heir. The old club turned out some very good crews, but made its greatest stride towards fame when its four, in '87, composed of Will Sargeant (bow), Charles McQuewan (No. 2), Jesse Fox (No. 3), and Albert Carroll (stroke), established a junior record at the Northwestern Regatta.

In the Missouri Valley.—Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, which comprise the Western University Football Association, had their second contest in baseball this season, although they have played football for three years. A game was decided at Kansas City between Kansas and Missouri, the former winning an easy victory, 17–4, which, so far as form is concerned, was far below the football standard of the two universities, as may be judged from the fact that the Missouri pitcher gave Kansas 19 bases on balls.

The only other baseball contest between the universities of this section took place in the spring of '91, between Kansas and Nebraska, at Lawrence, and the game was one of the most interesting that had ever been played in the Western country, Kansas tying the score, and winning in the last half of the ninth inning, 5–4.

This year all the universities in this section had nines, but the games were unimportant, and mostly of the scratch order. Baseball in the Missouri Valley has not attained nearly the position of football either in or out of the colleges. There has been some talk of the organization of a Western Baseball League among the universities, but as yet nothing definite has come of it.

So far as the West is concerned, baseball flourishes more among the colleges of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa Wisconsin, and Indiana than in any of the others; and of these, the Northwestern, Wisconsin, and Oberlin University nines appear to have finished the season with the greatest credit. Denison University, which last year won the Ohio State championship, has done rather poorly this season.

The Case School of Applied Sciences in Cleveland, which last year had a very strong football eleven, has transgressed the amateur spirit in baseball this year. The rules of the institution forbid the athletic teams to men that are not *bona fide* members of the school, but the nine played two—the pitcher and second-base man—who had no connection with the institution.

I cite this instance particularly to praise the faculty on their immediate and altogether fitting action in suspending the captain and manager of the nine, Messrs. Gleason and Knight, instantly the facts were brought to their attention, and I commend the example of this Case School faculty to those of the Eastern universities. I have maintained again and again that the faculties of our universities can very shortly put an end to unwholesome practices in athletics if they really have as much consideration for the welfare of amateur sport—and the undergraduates—as they proclaim. If instead of so much talking from the rostrum, and such a deal of writing to their college and other papers, they would do a little practical work in the committee-room, something looking toward the desired result might be accomplished.

It is absurd for faculties and for alumni to say that the question of cleansing sport is wholly without their jurisdiction; that it rests entirely with the undergraduates; that excuse may answer in the politics of a meeting to arrange dates for games, or in matters of that sort; but we who know know better. We shall never have confidence in the protestations of our Eastern faculties and alumni advisers until they have given more evidence of their good intentions and less of their penchant for exploiting theories. If they really do not know how to go about it, I should advise their seeking advice in the West.

Oberlin adopted a very stringent set of rules this year, and placed its entire athletic legislation in the hands of a committee consisting of three members of the faculty, three alumni, and three undergraduates. They adopted rules practically like those of Harvard. Its nine was coached by H. O. Bowers, the ex-Yale pitcher, who succeeded in developing excellent team-work.

The greatest temptation of Western colleges is to play their hired coach on teams. In football this has been done in the last year or two in very many instances, but condoned because partaking more or less of the semblance of missionary labor in the athletic cause. The past season in baseball revealed similar situations, that were generally accepted in similar spirit. Now that the missionary work has been done, however, let us see no more coaches on either football or baseball teams in the West; both have been played long enough to do without such assistance.

Farther West, in Denver, they have an Intercollegiate Baseball League, consisting of the State University, the State School of Mines, and Denver University, and the past season has shown a standard of play higher than 1893, the State University especially having won the championship with an excellent team developed from its own ranks.

The Denver Athletic Club, too, turned out one of the best teams in its history, and about equal to that of the State University.

It is pleasing to note in the case of these nines that the amateur standing of the men was unquestioned, and the best of feeling prevailed in all the contests. It is to be regretted the same cannot be said of all the other teams in Colorado that claimed to be amateurs in the past season. Nevertheless, the situation is encouraging, although athletics, generally speaking, this past year have struggled against the depression which spread over the West.

Writing of baseball reminds me that in my comment on the All-America College Nine last month I erred in giving the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton nines credit for having strictly undergraduate nines, whereas Reddington, on the Yale nine, was a member of the Law School, and Cook and Wiggin of Harvard, and King of Princeton, all pursuing post-graduate courses. What I meant to accentuate, however, in my comment was the predominance of the undergraduate spirit, not only in the make-up of the nines, but in general university feeling. The sentiment in the East has completely turned in this happy direction.

Still, in the Rocky Mountain section, but a bit farther west, in Dakota, there has been considerable amateur baseball-playing the past year. Schools and colleges have been quite active and turned out some pretty good teams. Several towns, in addition, have athletic clubs, and at Watertown, South Dakota, they have even gone so far as to organize for all athletic sports, including rowing, under the auspices of their prosperous club.

There has been more activity on the Northwest Pacific coast than in any other section in the entire United States, including the East. Although, in common with all the country, business has been generally depressed, yet the athletic interest has been maintained, not shown so much in number of games held, as in a sportsmanlike spirit that has continued to spread on most wholesome lines.

There are several excellent athletic clubs in this section—the Multnomah in Portland, Oregon, and the Seattle and Tacoma in Washington—but there is none of the obnoxious competition between them for athletes, and no cases of men wearing club and college colors at the same time.

The clubs here started with little or no material, and what they have now they have developed on an amateur basis that is healthful and wearing. The standard of performances is, of course, rather low, though it has been improving steadily, but the class of competitors is so high that the introduction of the methods which obtain in some Atlantic coast clubs would not be tolerated. And what is standard of performance when compared with such a standard of purity? The absence of a bar from club-houses is another standard we in the East do not reach.

Recently they have been granted permission by the A. A. U. to form a Northwestern Association, thus separating them from the Pacific Association with headquarters in San Francisco.

The impetus given baseball last season by the visit of the Leland Stanford University nine and their game with the Seattle Club team which the former won easily—12–5—has not yet worn off, and the present season, although starting a little late, has produced better teams than last.

Generally speaking, the condition of athletics in the Pacific Northwest is very healthful, and these three clubs are united in an effort to keep it clean. There are one or two smaller affairs on the Sound, not recognized by sportsmen, where professionalism is encouraged.

By defeating F. H. Hovey, holder of the Challenge Bowl, W. A. Larned fittingly ended his brilliant work during the Longwood tournament, and proved himself beyond doubt a formidable factor in the Newport championships.

Larned went into the match tired, but at the same time well tuned up by his matches with Richard Stevens and M. F. Goodbody, the English player, while Hovey had enjoyed an entire week's rest after winning the Essex County Club tournament. He had improved some of his leisure watching the play of the men whom he thought might challenge him, besides practising with the best players among the forty-four entries of the tournament, but all seemed of little value when he faced Larned. Hovey's work at the net was most unsatisfactory, and he will need a deal of practice on that line to bring him up to national tournament pitch. He has quite ignored the smash stroke which was the feature of his game a couple of years ago, and in its stead substituted an easy lob, and somewhat improved his play from the back court, where, however, Larned's work far surpassed his best. Whenever Hovey ventured to the net in his old-time position, Larned took occasion to pass him on either side with that quick underhand stroke of his which is so deadly, and many of the latter's points were contributed by Hovey, who failed utterly at critical moments, and drove into the net or out of court.

It was monotonous tennis, and almost uninteresting until the last set, when both put speed in their strokes, and short sharp rallies added to the pleasure of the spectator and raised the standard of play. Larned proved superior to his opponent in every feature of the game, and seems to-day the most likely winner at Newport, despite his having been defeated by Hovey three straight sets in 1892. Larned won, 6–4, 7–5, 3–6, 8–6. Placed balls—Larned, 53; Hovey, 37. Driven into the net—Larned, 47; Hovey, 39. Out of court—Larned, 46; Hovey, 45. Double faults—Larned, 4; Hovey, 5.

There were some surprising phases of the Longwood tournament, among them the easy defeat of champion Wrenn by Richard Stevens, 6–2, 0–6, 6–1, 6–4, which showed pretty conclusively that Wrenn is at present in no condition to defend his title at Newport. A little practice is apt to do wonders with him, however, and at all events he has not lost the nervous energy which has characterized his play in every sport he follows. While it seems hardly likely he could work his way through the rounds of the tournament at Newport this year unless drawn in a particularly easy half, the chances are he will make a strong defence of the championship.

Stevens, after his comparatively easy victory over Wrenn, was himself handily beaten by Larned in the final match of the tournament, 6–2, 6–4, 6–2. Stevens has mastered as well as any player in this country the back-court game, and played it almost faultlessly; long rallies were the rule rather than the exception, and only when Larned assumed the aggressive, and ran to the net, did the old-fashioned game of Stevens prove inferior to the more modern all-round play of his opponent.

The Larned–M. F. Goodbody match provided the best tennis of the week. Goodbody and three others are ranked about ninth among English players. He began his tennis at Longwood, fresh from the steamer, before he had become accustomed to the burning heat which was a wilting feature of the whole week. Until he met Larned in the fourth round he had not revealed his form, but in this match he exerted himself to his utmost, and fine tennis resulted, Larned winning only after a hard five-set match, 9–7, 6–4, 3–6, 1–6, 10–8, in which deuce games and hotly contested vantage-points were frequent. Goodbody is good in every position in the court. He is not particularly graceful, nor are his strokes quick, but he knows the limits of the court as well as any American player. His lobs and volleys are sure to fall within the lines, and he is ever on the alert to pass his opponent or knock the ball just out of reach over his head. He has also great staying power and ability to play an uphill game, and is sure to upset all the calculations of the tennis men at Newport. It would be unfair after but one match with Larned to call Goodbody's game inferior. At the net Larned excels a bit, but otherwise the two play wonderfully even. The tennis in this match was not only the best of the Longwood tournament, but considered by many the best in America for the past three years, and in point of exciting rallies. Both men placed the balls accurately whenever chance offered, although in this respect Larned was a little superior, having in the last set alone 39 placed balls to his credit. One can get the best idea of the play from the summary of points of the match. Placed balls—Larned, 111; Goodbody, 57. Drives into the net—Larned, 86; Goodbody, 56. Drives out—Larned, 69; Goodbody, 45. Double faults—Larned, 6; Goodbody, 5.

Larned won his second victory over Goodbody—6–1, 2–6, 6–2, 6–3—and the Long Island championship last Saturday, the Englishman not making the contest so close as he did the previous week. Larned completely outplayed him in three of the four sets, giving added evidence of form that has not been approached this year by any one of the ten leading players. If he can maintain that form, his failing heretofore, he will be the next champion. Goodbody had no difficulty in earning the right to meet Larned, his hardest contest being with Howland, whom his change of pace rather puzzled, but he always had the match in hand, and won, 6–2, 6–0, 6–4. There were no other entries in the tournament up to the class of these.

The excitement of the tennis week has been furnished by the Newcastle (New Hampshire) tournament, which furnished two surprises—Arthur Foote's defeat by W. Gordon Parker, 6–4, 6–3, and the latter's win from C. R. Budlong, 7–5, 7–5, 7–5. Parker's play was the best he has ever shown, careful, and not losing a chance. Budlong played, on the whole, good tennis, though in the last set he was mediocre and brilliant by turns.

At Bar Harbor V. G. Hall retains the Kebo Valley Club cup by defeating W. K. Shaw—6–3, 6–3, 6–3—in a tournament where the entries were few and the average form fair. Mr. Hall retains a good bit of skill with an astonishingly small amount of practice—less than any player of to-day.

In the West, Carr Neel—one of the brothers who won the Western championship in doubles recently—has added greatly to his laurels by defeating in the Northwest Championship Tournament at Lake Minnetonka S. Chase, the veteran, and G. K. Belden, the erstwhile champion—6–2, 6–1, 6–2—in the singles, but in the doubles Mr. Chase, partnered by Elking, evened the honors of the tournament by winning from the Neel brothers, after an exciting struggle, 6–3, 2–6, 3–6, 7–5. It is to be hoped Mr. Neel, as a dual champion, will enter the National singles at Newport, and give us an opportunity of comparing the Eastern and Western standards. The most interesting tournament of the season is in progress this week at Norwood Park Casino, where Goodbody, Wrenn, E. L. and V. G. Hall, Larned, Chase, and Stevens are playing.

"Vigilant" settled the last British doubt of her speed under fair conditions and a steady breeze August 4th, by defeating *Britannia* in a match race over the Cowes course, where last year *Satanita* beat *Navahoe* 7 min. 4 sec. The yachts crossed the starting line beam and beam, *Britannia* to windward; but *Vigilant* began instantly to gain, had assumed the lead by 55 seconds at the first turn, continued leaving the Briton behind, and finally crossed the finishing-line 6 min. 33 sec. before her. On remeasurement *Vigilant* allows 2 min. 4 sec., and therefore wins by 4 min. 29 sec. corrected time. No one now questions *Vigilant's* superiority in a steady and fairly stiffish wind; it remains to be seen how she compares with *Britannia* in light but steady breeze on open course, and in the much-heralded choppy sea of the channel. Our faith in *Vigilant* under both conditions remains unshaken.

By her defeat of *Vaquero* in the Larchmont Yacht Club special, July 28th, *Dorothy*, one of the later additions to the class, has won highest honors among the 21-footers. It was by all odds the best and fairest contest these diminutive racers have had, every starter finishing without accident, except *Maysie*, which was forced into the mark-boat at the start by *Minnetonka*. It took about eight minutes to disentangle her fin keel from the stake-boat's anchor cable, and as she finished but 7 minutes and 30 seconds after *Dorothy*, it may be seen that the champion of the class cannot yet be declared. The mosquito fleet went away to a good start, and were well bunched at the turning-mark, rounding in order, *Minnetonka*, *Flirt*, *Vaquero*, *Celia*, *Blonde and Brunette*, *Adelaide*, *Houri*, *Dorothy*, and *Maysie*. From here *Dorothy* began to overtake the leaders, passing them one by one until she reached *Vaquero*, the only one to give her a race. Curiously enough, *Minnetonka* and *Adelaide*, which made such good showing in the first regattas, made the poorest on the 28th ult. The summaries are interesting.

| Boat. | Owner. | Sailed by. | Start. H. M. | Finish. H. M. S. | Elapsed Time. H. M. S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dorothy | H. Whitney | Thos. Hitchcock, Jr. | 12 15 | 2 48 05 | 2 33 05 |
| Vaquero | Herman Duryea | John F. Lovejoy | 12 15 | 2 49 09 | 2 34 09 |
| Houri | W. B. Duncan, Jr. | Oswald Sanderson | 12 15 | 2 51 12 | 2 36 12 |
| Blonde and Brunette | H. B. Seeley | H. C. & Jas. Brown | 12 15 | 2 54 20 | 2 39 20 |
| Celia | C. A. Gould | C. A. Gould | 12 15 | 2 55 30 | 2 40 30 |
| Maysie | Wm. Osborn | F. B. Jones | 12 15 | 2 56 20 | 2 41 20 |
| Flirt | W. Gould Brokaw | Irving Cox | 12 15 | 3 01 05 | 2 46 05 |
| Minnetonka | George Work | { Bryan and W. { S. Alley | 12 15 | 3 01 45 | 2 46 45 |
| Adelaide | W. P. Douglas | Dr. Jno. Woodbury | 12 15 | 3 01 10 | 2 46 10 |

Part of the class had another race August 4th, which was not so satisfactory in determining the champion, as *Dorothy* withdrew, leaving *Vaquero* to give *Minnetonka* and *Houri* a 13 and 15 minute beating. Evidently the honor seems to rest with *Vaquero*, *Dorothy*, or *Maysie*.

Congratulations to Yale and Princeton on their awakening to the needs of the hour, as evidenced by the proposed abandonment of Thanksgiving day for the annual football game. Let us hope, while the matter is in hand, they will treat it thoroughly and in accordance with the best interest of university sport.

Site of the game and prices of admission are quite as reprehensible features, and just as near the welfare of college athletics, as the date of contest. This game and all games should be removed from cities and decided on college grounds, and the price of tickets cut down one-half. Here is an opportunity for Yale and Princeton to convince us they really mean to institute all the reforms which they have been discussing. We await results with much interest.

## THE "VIGILANT"–"BRITANNIA" RACES OFF IRELAND.

FROM A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

My letter this week can only include the two races of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, whose course off Bangor is a first-rate one for testing yacht-sailing, in that with any wind westerly or north or south of westerly it is comparatively smooth for large yachts, and with an easterly breeze, or anything to north or south of it, there is every opportunity given for heel and toeing it merrily to the tune of a real good "dusting"; besides which the course lies square, and a yacht need never complain of not having her speed tried on all points.

In the first round, July 16th, *Vigilant* made a better exhibition when going about than she has ever done before on this side the Atlantic, and worked much more quickly in stays. She was quite equal to *Britannia* on that point, and both in reaching and running showed her superiority.

In the second round *Vigilant's* mainsail was standing badly, and not at all up to the mark, most likely through having been wetted with rain and then dried again during the first round. Cotton cloth frequently becomes stretched out of shape during a day's racing when the weather has been sunshiny with now and then a stray shower.

In the run to Blackhead there was no mistake about *Vigilant's* powers of travelling off the wind, for *Britannia* was not in it with her.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—With Drawings by Remington.—8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

In the third round, by sheer ill luck, *Vigilant* was left in the doldrums, and compelled to watch *Britannia* pass her, which ended in the latter's going in and winning. Once more it must be noticed that Captain Carter knows how to look out for stray puffs, and make use of them when he finds them. That is a knowledge to be gained from experience by strangers, especially those who only have true sailing winds, as a rule, to study and do with. That the wind in the afternoons off Belfast Lough frequently comes round from the northeast is a piece of local knowledge which a stranger might be easily ignorant of who has never raced in those waters before; but Carter knew, when he discovered a streak of calm up the Lough, that it was about time to look for the wind, and not trust to cat's-paws, so went in search of it. *Vigilant*, if she had the same knowledge on board, ought to have done likewise. It was a good race, and it is a pity it was lost by a fluke, or rather faulty knowledge of the locality.

Tuesday, the 17th, was essentially *Vigilant's* day, and chiefly remarkable for her close and broad-reach sailing. This was the fastest race that has been sailed since *Vigilant* came over to try her mettle with us. In the first round, between Blackhead and the Briggs mark, *Britannia*, in the close haul of reach, was left as if she had been standing still, while in the second round nothing could have equalled the way in which, on the broad reach from Carrickfergus to Blackhead, and with sheets well free, *Vigilant* stepped out, quite to the astonishment of all the knowing ones, and increased her lead.

The sailing of both days confirms the opinion I have expressed all along, that *Vigilant* is decidedly the better boat of the two racing when the wind is strong and steady and the sea more or less smooth, though at the same time it may be smoking. Under such conditions *Britannia* cannot look at her. We have yet to see how she will stand in comparison when the wind is light but steady, also when the wind is of full force and she has a deep ridge-and-furrow sea, such as is common in the English Channel, to work to windward against. Up to the present the first two races in the Clyde and the two Royal Ulster races are the only ones in which it has been possible to get at anything like a conception of her true form. There is still more to be got out of the yacht than has been seen up to the present.

GEORGE LEIGH BLAKE.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